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## LITERATURE.

The New English. By T. L. Kington Oliphant. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

NOTWITHSTANDING some antiquated philology here and there, Mr. Kington Oliphant's volume on *The Old and Middle English* was, on the whole, an admirable piece of work; and probably most students of English have looked forward with interest to the appearance of the promised continuation, dealing with the history of the language from the date of the *Handlyng Synne* onwards. After an interval of eight years, the author has fulfilled his promise; and it may fairly be said that the excellence of this second part of his work is ample compensation for the long time which has been occupied in its production. It is true that the new volumes have very little of the literary attractiveness which characterised their predecessor. Instead of attempting to write a readable book, Mr. Oliphant has been content with producing the most valuable collection of materials for the lexical history of the English language that has hitherto been published. It would be unreasonable to complain because the work—to use one of the phrases which so deeply shock Mr. Oliphant's philological conscience—"has the defects of its qualities." A book so crowded with minute information must of necessity be uninviting to the general reader; but for serious students the facts which it contains will be full of interest, and the author's incidental comments are not seldom amusing as well as instructive.

The present work consists essentially of an analysis of the vocabulary—not, indeed, of every important writer or book, but of a continuous series of representative books from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth. The author points out what words or phrases occur, so far as he has been able to discover, for the first time in each of the works which come under examination. He also notes any exceptionally late instances of the use of words or constructions which have since become obsolete, and indicates the linguistic tendencies characteristic of each writer, such as a preference for Romance, or Latin, or Teutonic words, a fondness for coining new compounds, or for archaic or colloquial forms of expression, and other peculiarities of similar nature. The general method of the book may be gathered from the following specimen, which is selected on account of its brevity:

"The 'Romance of the Emperor Octavian' (Percy Society) may date from about 1370. It has the very old word *heere* (exercitus), elsewhere obsolete; it was compiled in the North, as we see the forms *louse* (solvere), *wepende*, *alle-ken*, *put til dethe*, *thro* (acer). The poem has been transcribed by a Southern writer, who

has changed *geste* into *yeste*, *land* into *londe*, *reame* into *realme*, p. 18; perhaps *odur* into *wodur*, p. 13. He was evidently puzzled by the Northern *ferly* (wondrous), p. 49. The *a* is clipped in *semblyd*, but prefixed in *avenygd*; the French *lute* undergoes the usual English change and becomes *lewte*. The *s* is struck out, for the old *daies light* appears as *daylyght*. . . . We see the source of our *bowsprit* in p. 18, where the sailors catch up an oar or a *sprytt* (a projecting piece of wood). There seems to be a forestalling of our modern slang in p. 59; the earls and barons are said to be *bolde* and *swelle* (elati). In p. 49 one side is said to be *the bettur* in the fight, a new sense of the adjective, like our 'who is the best man.' . . . Among the verbs are the phrases *find her way*, *come of elde* (age). The old *bid* now gains the sense of *invite*; *thether* was *he bede*, p. 8. We see the new French words *lyenas* (lioness), *floryns*, *scabard*. A burgess is called *Clement the velayn* (villain), p. 21, where the word keeps its old sense. In p. 5 Rome is said to be *wrongheyred* (ruled by the wrong heir), a remarkable instance of turning a noun into a past participle. In p. 34 two men fight until one becomes *maystyr*: the sense of *vincere* was coming into this word. A man refers to a horse in p. 54, and says, *to the emperour therwith y wylle present hym*; here a new idiom appears, which the transcriber plainly did not understand."

When it is stated that about eight hundred pages of the book are taken up with such condensed information as is given in the passage just quoted, the reader will be able to form some idea of Mr. Oliphant's industry, and of the magnitude of the service which he has rendered to students of the history of the English language. Of course it is inevitable that so extensive a work must have many imperfections of detail. To make it perfect the author would have needed to read every English book written during the period of which he treats, and to make an exhaustive word-list of every one of them. It is very likely that in hundreds of cases he has failed to discover the absolutely earliest instance of the occurrence of words. It may even be that he has often dated the first appearance of words too late by centuries. As he himself observes, if he lives to bring out a new edition of his work when the *New English Dictionary*\* is completed it will be a vast improvement on that now given to the public. The main point, however, is that he has in so many thousands of cases assigned the latest period to which the origin of a word can be referred; and the importance of this information in facilitating further research can scarcely be over-estimated. The dates ascribed to some of the minor works referred to seem to rest on somewhat precarious conjecture. It is unsafe, for example, to take any part of the *York Plays*, in their extant form, as evidence for the language of 1362. Now and then, also, a word may have been dated too early through simple misunderstanding. An instance of this is the remark that "the portentous word *bore* is applied to a man" in Smollett's *Gil Blas* (1749). The word referred to is probably merely a misspelling for *boor*.

\* Apparently Mr. Oliphant has not been able to refer to Part II. of that work, as he assigns to Shakspeare's time the introduction of the words *back* (of the hand), *bat-fowling*, which are older by centuries; and he gives several etymologies which the dictionary has shown to be erroneous. On the other hand, if his reference be correct, he has found an example of the verb to *bale* somewhat earlier than that given in the dictionary.

With regard to his choice of authors, Mr. Oliphant remarks in his preface that he has leaned to "those that are comic and colloquial, not to the master spirits of our literature"; and, therefore, he takes little notice of Spenser and Milton, though he dwells much on the plays of Udall and Still. As it was impossible for him to read everything, perhaps it is well for the usefulness of his book that his tastes have directed him principally to those authors who are least likely to have been thoroughly studied by others. The plays of Shakspeare have, of course, been examined (all under the date 1598!); but the poems, though containing a good deal that is of linguistic interest, are not even mentioned. By a singular oversight *Tarlton's Jests* is noticed twice over, at pp. 12 and 52.

It is curious to note how often phrases and idioms which one would have thought to be of recent origin turn out to be genuine antiques. Of this Mr. Oliphant's pages supply many instances. "To have an eye to the main chance," "to be in a wrong box," "a song worth twenty of it," all belong to the sixteenth century. "To fall vacant" goes so far back as the year 1420, and "if the worst comes to the worst" is found about 1620. Our "all moonshine" appears in Heywood as "moonshine in the water," which explains itself.

Mr. Oliphant's treatment of the changes in form undergone by English words is nearly always unsatisfactory. Such remarks as "a replaces *e*, as *marveyl* for *merveille*," "the *i* is replaced by *o*, as *hedlong*," are of very little use. What should have been said in these cases is that *er* becomes *ar*, and that *-ling* underwent analogical corruption into *-long*. The instances could then have been referred to in the Index under the heading "*Ar* for *er*," "Analogical corruptions," and thus brought into connexion with the instances which are really akin to them, instead of being confused with phenomena that are only superficially identical. Sometimes facts of this kind are ascribed to wrong causes, as when it is said that "the *u* was so often mistaken for a *v* that the *plenteuous* of Hampole is found as *plentyfous*," the truth being that Hampole's *u* in this word represents the consonant. The author actually thinks that *fnosan* became *sneeze* because the *f* was written like an *s*! The etymological portion of the book, indeed, is throughout so poor that it is not worth while to offer any criticism on individual points.

The Index is probably the longest ever appended to any book of the same size; it occupies no fewer than 280 pages. This fullness, of course, renders it a most valuable addition to the work; but its arrangement is not so convenient as could be wished. The English words illustrated in the text are mixed up in the Index with the names of authors, titles of books, and "matters" of any and every kind. Thus "Skinner" (which, on turning up the reference, proves to be the name of a trade) is followed by "Skinner, Milton's friend," and "Wright, Mr." is followed by "Wright's Chaste Wife." Now, an index of this sort gives the reader no end of needless trouble. If it was inconvenient to give two or three different indexes, at any rate the use of an initial capital should have been restricted to proper

names, and italics might have been used for the titles of books. Then when the name of an author appears in the index the page on which his works are discussed at length is not in any way distinguished from the pages on which he is simply mentioned. It is to be hoped that in any succeeding edition these serious defects will be remedied; and it would add greatly to the reader's convenience, if each page were headed with the name of the author treated of, and his date, instead of the words, "The New English" and the number of the chapter.

A notice of this book would not be complete without some reference to Mr. Oliphant's defence of himself from the charge of "purism." He cannot understand, he says, why such an accusation should have been brought against him. He is guiltless of any wish to expel from the language any of the Romance or Latin words used by "the great writers of Dryden's school, the men of Swift's lifetime." Not only so, but he welcomes the introduction of any foreign word, such as *échelon* or *prestige*, which "unmistakeably fills up a gap." His "purism" amounts to this, that he exhorts writers of English "never to discard \* a Teutonic word without good reason"; and if no Teutonic word can be found fit for their purpose, then "to prefer a French or Latin word naturalised before 1740 to any later comer."

To many persons the soundness of the rule thus laid down will appear absolutely self-evident. I am of another mind; but before stating my objections I have to make one large admission. There is no doubt that a strict following of Mr. Oliphant's maxim would effect a vast improvement in the style of many living English writers; because one of the commonest faults in composition is to use Latin or Romance words, or new-fangled words, through foppiness or negligence, where Teutonic words, or others of old date, would serve the purpose better. So far, then, the preference which Mr. Oliphant would inculcate for Teutonic and old Romance words is, to use a once famous phrase, a wholesome prejudice; far more wholesome, at any rate, than the Johnsonian prejudice in the contrary direction. But it is better to be under the control of right reason than of any prejudice whatever. It is better to be guided by a sound principle than by the best mechanical rule that can be deduced from it. There is a more excellent way than even Mr. Oliphant's. Let us try to see what it is.

It seems to me that the golden rule in writing is to abstain resolutely from every sort of affectation and self-display, and to choose those words which will most precisely suggest to the readers' mind the required thought and feeling. If a word fulfils this condition, it does not greatly matter whether it occurs in a charter of King Offa or was invented by the veriest "penny-a-liner" yesterday. In saying this, I am not forgetting how greatly the effect of words depends upon their history. Sometimes a word may be the fittest to use because it is old and

\* The context shows that Mr. Oliphant is not using this word in its correct meaning. If he meant that no Teutonic word should be treated as obsolete without good reason, the maxim would be sound, though I should prefer to enlarge its scope by omitting the word Teutonic.

familiar; sometimes because it is archaic and unfamiliar; sometimes, again, just because it is new. One word may be useful because of the varied associations which it has gathered during a long history; another because it has few associations, and suggests nothing more than may be put into its definition. A right choice of words cannot be ensured—it may even be prevented—by following such philological rules as Mr. Oliphant would lay down. The instinct for true and effective expression must be trained by other schooling than this. Men who have not that instinct, or who care more to show their own cleverness than to convey their thought and feeling to others, will continue to write badly, though they may never use a word that is not to be found in Swift or Addison.

Of course it is true that the Teutonic words of our language are, on the whole, the most emphatic and the richest in emotional force. But, is it desirable that we should always use the strongest words that we can find? If we do so habitually, and on trivial occasions, what more can we do when we really feel strongly? A truth that much needs to be recognised by writers of this generation is that emphasis of language which is in excess of the strength of feeling to be expressed is one of the worst of literary sins.

If it were possible for Mr. Oliphant to convert the world to his doctrines, the result would be very seriously to impoverish the English language. A few centuries ago, a forerunner of Mr. Oliphant would assuredly have condemned the introduction of the words "paternal" and "fraternal." He would have said, with reason, that these words did not "unmistakeably fill up a gap." But it is just because we have these less expressive synonyms that the words "fatherly" and "brotherly" are now richer in emotional value than are the German *väterlich* and *brüderlich*. So it is in many another case. Now, suppose that year by year a larger number of writers are persuaded to adopt the rule "never to discard a Teutonic word without good reason"—which will practically mean without *obvious* reason: a merely impalpable gain in appropriateness to the occasion will not be enough. What will be the consequence? Until the fashion becomes general, those who adopt it will write in a style which—like Mr. Oliphant's own—will appear to ordinary readers full of vigour, but somewhat blustering and violent, and lacking in light and shade. But every time a strong word is used where a weaker one would be more fitting it loses a little of its strength of meaning; and in process of time the Teutonic words, gradually robbed of their force by trivial use, will come to be so little different in effect from their Romance synonyms that there will no longer be "good reason" for retaining the latter in the language at all. In spite of Mr. Oliphant's wish to preserve the foreign words naturalised before the magic date of 1740, the general acceptance of his maxims would be sure ultimately to bring about the extinction of all of them which have any approximate equivalent of Teutonic origin.

Mr. Oliphant is never tired of railing at the "penny-a-liners" of the daily press. He is right in deploring—if the fact be truly so—that these gentlemen so often write twaddle. But why should he regard it as an aggrava-

tion of their offence that they twaddle in a new-fangled jargon instead of twaddling in good sound English? Ought he not rather to "con them thank" that they refrain from soiling with ignoble use the grand old words which he so dearly loves? The harm done by the influx of new words is, for the most part, only temporary. The great mass of them will die out, and those which survive in the struggle for existence will, in the main, be those which deserve to survive, however much they may displease philologists who care more for the purity of the language than for its efficiency as an instrument of expression. But, if the older and nobler elements of the English tongue be vulgarised in meaning, the mischief will be irreparable. And it is just this more fatal kind of corruption that an unwise purism is likely to promote.

The revivers of Teutonic English have so much truth on their side, and have done so much good, that their occasional extravagances may well be pardoned. But, if we may pardon, we must not justify, them; and we must sternly refuse to yield up any portion of the resources of modern English at the bidding of the philological pedantry that forgets what language exists for. That Mr. Oliphant is not free from such pedantry the very title of his book is sufficient to prove. To be sure, what he chooses to call "the New English" is not so very much older than "New College"; but to the plain reader, unfamiliar with the little ways of our Anglo-Teutonists, the words will convey a wrong notion of the subject of the book. "The great writers of Dryden's school" would not have written thus. And, if they were living now, they would assuredly refuse to be debarred from using any English word merely because it came into the language after 1740.

If I have seemed to say more in censure than in praise of this excellent book, the reason is that it requires larger space to point out faults of detail than to acknowledge great general merits. Lest there should be any mistake, I will conclude by saying that the book would still be a good one if its faults were twice as many as they are.

HENRY BRADLEY.

*Society in the Elizabethan Age.* By Hubert Hall. (Sonnenschein.)

"WITH good reason may we call the Elizabethan a 'golden' age, for gold was the national divinity." Such is Mr. Hall's epigrammatic sentence upon an epoch which its many-sided vitality makes a peculiarly apt subject for such epigrams. The phrase may be cynical; but no student of our social history will find it more one-sided than that "good Queen Bess" legend which, if it still survives, we owe to the strange alliance of a Romanticism blind to the faults of an epoch so illustrious in poetry, with a Protestantism which could think no evil of one so reformed in religion. Certainly, the truest and wisest criticism will estimate nations, like men, with as much regard to their highest ideals as to their current practice. It will also perceive that much of the grating discord between these is simply the difference of complexion assumed in finer and coarser natures by intellectual fibre of very similar type. Still, the merely literary student of history is always



apt to begin, instead of ending, with this divining sympathy, and to treat the undistinguished multitude who left no record of themselves as a harmonious, though subdued, background—not at all as a vulgar foil—to the brilliant few who did. Most people who have not read the private orations of Demosthenes imagine Athens to have teemed with repetitions of the moral and intellectual profile of Pericles; and the student of Spenser and Shakspeare, though less at a disadvantage, is liable to a similar bias until he has immersed himself in the daily prose of Elizabethan life, in the humdrum rascalities which tragedy rejects, and the low tricks which only succeed and do not amuse. This, with a good deal more, Mr. Hall offers in the work before us. He is frankly a "realist," in the current sense of that much abused word, and throughout betrays a suspicion (rather pathetic in an official of the Record Office) that the last word about a nation's morality is to be found in the reports of its law-courts, the accounts of its officials, and the private diaries of its shopkeepers. The reader will notice, moreover, that a work wholly based on such materials necessarily excludes one vast constituent of "Elizabethan society"—the proletariat, who do not hold office nor institute law-suits.

This very limitation, however, to the grosser and more palpable order of facts, has given Mr. Hall's picture of Elizabethan life a very impressive clearness and compactness. He is a complete master of the complex economic history of the time; and it is not the least of the various merits of his book that it follows out such familiar but abstract facts as the competition for land or the general rise of prices in all the graphic detail of individual lives. Mr. Hall brands Elizabethan society with its thirst for gold. We are inclined to think that this passion is of pretty continuous intensity, and that the apparent fluctuations suggested by economic history depend rather on changes—first, in the opportunities of gain, and, secondly, in the temper which risks loss. Purely economic records can hardly indicate variations of economic motive; the trade-returns of a nation of misers, unwilling to risk what they feared to lose, would not appreciably differ from those of a nation of philosophers who declined to compete for what they did not care to gain. The economic history of the Elizabethans is notoriously marked both by a relative facility of gain, caused chiefly by rapidly rising prices, and by a sanguine and adventurous temper—the counterpart of their brilliant audacity in literature—which betrayed itself in the immense growth of speculative usury and law-suits, grew with the facilities of gain, and by its own existence made a significant addition to their number. Never had money been so freely put forth, or brought so rich a return to those who knew how to place it. In all ranks of society we meet with expedients for profit, and a singular recklessness in meting out the stakes. Country, town, and court had each their special opportunities. The steady fall in the value of money produced a continuous difference of opinion about agricultural rents; and if the tenants could often appeal with success to local customs in support of a low money-rent, and harass an unpopular landlord with vexa-

tious suits, the landlord on his part had means, abundantly illustrated by Mr. Hall, of evading the often vaguely defined terms of their tenure. In the towns, money changed hands rapidly, and high interest and secure recovery made the way to wealth easy when its first stages were run. The shopkeeper supplemented his ordinary profits by laying wagers with customers, who received articles gratis on the understanding that in a particular event they should pay a fancy price for them; the innkeeper paid the entire expenses of a young heir, in confidence that the bread which he threw upon those devouring waters would return to him (well buttered) when the heir came to his own; the merchant carried on a similar game on a larger scale. In a higher circle, the courtier had his monopolies, the worldly bishop his immense seigniorial privileges, the official his fraudulent contracts and his often lucrative "insolence," the lawyer his heavy bribes and his immortal (and not less lucrative) "delays." Of all these social classes, none had grown in importance so greatly as the last. At every step of Mr. Hall's book we are reminded of Harrison's contrast of the lawyers of his youth, who sat in a row in Paul's waiting for briefs, with the contemporary pleader, who would not consent to stir from his chambers under £10, and even then did not always appear. Mr. Hall's final chapter (one of his very best) deals with Elizabeth's great Attorney-General, Popham; and the lawyer appropriately speaks the epilogue of a work in which he has throughout played the leading part. He reaped the chief fruits of the sanguine temper, which was itself unquestionably stimulated by the high-fed physique of a nation in whose diet meat and wine had been largely substituted for vegetables, fish, and ale. From this point of view, the taverner and the lawyer might be called the two poles between which gyrated the social life of Elizabethan England; and the guineas which mine host of Eastcheap advanced to the spendthrift for payment in the Temple symbolised a more profound relation between the trade which chiefly produced, and that which chiefly profited by, the disposition to spend.

We have dwelt thus far rather on the social aspect of Mr. Hall's book. It has, however, a quite distinct value as a contribution to Elizabethan biography. The lives of Gresham, Popham, "Wild" Darrell, Bishop Cox of Ely, and several minor figures, are illuminated by a host of details in great part new. "Wild" Darrell is in some sort, as Mr. Hall confesses, the hero of a book otherwise devoted to marring, rather than making, reputations; and, as "restored" by him, this *enfant terrible* appears sufficiently harmless, and perhaps even a little insipid. Left heir, as a child, to vast estates in several counties, the use of which was in large part assigned to his father's mistress, Darrell could hardly fail to prove an apt illustration of the difficulties of Elizabethan landlords. Greedy relatives incited his tenantry to bring harassing actions against him, and he replied with counter-actions. Both parties occasionally used violence; and Darrell's seizure of a subtenant's goods and cattle by collusion with the tenant was a "triumph" for Mr. Hall's hero not only, as he puts it, "dearly bought," but also singularly unheroic. Henceforth his

enemies pursued him with a fury which was not altogether without excuse.

"I have learned," he writes bitterly to Popham, "one rule in books from the aunceyent fathers, and have found it in experience amongst men; that that day that a man would have another's landes or his goodes, that day he would have his life also if he could."

But his errors were those of exasperation, not of wantonness; and, once withdrawn from the goads and stings of his pursuers, this hunted landlord sank into a blameless and uneventful obscurity, ruminating with a few retainers in a humble tenement in Warwick Lane, and spending extravagant sums on ink, paper, and the newly discovered consolation for neglect—tobacco. The "Darrell papers" printed in the appendix occupy a third of the book, and contain, among other things, valuable extracts from his correspondence with Lady Hungerford and with Popham.

We cannot dwell at any length upon the other chapters, every one of which contains solid and original work. The diary of George Stoddard, the apprentice of Thomas Lodge's father, is a vivid illustration of that adventurous genius of Elizabethan commerce which was equally at home in organising fleets to go in search of Spanish treasure and in laying hazardous wagers in Fleet Street back parlours. The account of Cox's administration of his bishopric discloses some unlovely details; but surely Mr. Hall is too severe upon his relations with his predecessor, Thirlby. Thirlby had retained a large sum assigned by Edward III. to the see of Ely as a capital to be handed over to each incoming bishop by his predecessor, and all Cox's efforts to obtain it were futile. Mr. Hall thinks the whole story a capital joke, and is very amusing about the "avarice" of this "harsh creditor." We are in no way concerned to defend Cox's character; but this is hardly the language applicable to a trustee contending for the possession of a trust which he is bound to hand on intact to his successor, though permitted to enjoy its use.

Mr. Hall's occasional excursions into literature are less felicitous than his economic work. Several pages of the appendix are devoted to what he strangely calls the "overlooked passage" of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," that eighth song which closes with Stella's firm, yet tender, denial of her lover's suit. After citing this forgotten rarity almost in full, he proceeds to quote the 87th Sonnet which almost immediately follows it, and in which, as he says, the theme of the song is "renewed and condensed." His only purpose, however, in the quotation is to dissociate what not merely the "great god Juxtaposition" but the much greater god Internal Affinity have joined together. The sonnet, he apparently thinks, does not refer, like the song, to a parting of the time when Sidney met Stella immediately before his own marriage, but to the separation caused by hers. We have, however, every reason to suppose that at the time of Stella's marriage Sidney was both unaware of her love and did not fully realise his own, and that he attributed her loss to his own neglect—"I might, and then would not, or could not, see my blisse"—and not to the compulsion of "Stella's lawes of duetie" (Mr. Hall prints

"iron laws"). This is, however, at most an incidental blemish in a book of great value.

C. H. HERFORD.

*In the Wrong Paradise, and other Stories.*  
By Andrew Lang. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

WE live in an era of marvellous expansion. As in the Elizabethan age England woke up to a consciousness of America and the East, so now, in what I suppose (for want of a better name) we must call the Victorian age, she has woke up to a consciousness of the Pacific and the Indian Ocean, of Africa and Australia, of the solar system and the cosmos generally. This discovery reacts upon literature. The romance of anthropology, and the romance of the universe, are the keynote of art in the present generation. Stevenson, Rider Haggard, Lang, all exhibit it; from day to day it becomes more pronounced in magazine articles and in the general book-market.

Mr. Lang's new volume shows the anthropological bias in every page. Happy are they who have the last results of a difficult science set in so delightful a guise before them! The pill is so delicately and cunningly sugared that only the wise will ever detect its underlying pilliness; the foolish will swallow it whole at a gulp as a mere dainty sweetmeat. For Mr. Lang can never help being amusing. If he were to write a *Plane Trigonometry for the Use of Schools*, sines and co-sines would wink at us solemnly with a merry twinkle, and isosceles triangles would skip before our eyes like the little hills of the Hebrew Psalmist. His first story, "The End of Phaeacia," introduces us to a missionary of the Bungleonian connexion, the Boanerges of the Pacific, who lights in the course of his evangelistic wanderings on the last surviving specimen of a Greek community, and describes the manners and customs of these benighted heathens as an officer of the Salvation Army might naturally be expected to describe them. In this case, I cannot help thinking Mr. Lang has allowed his archaeological knowledge to run away with him. I have never been accused of an excessive regard for missionary effort; but if the customs of Phaeacia were at all as he paints them, I confess that the Rev. Thomas Gowler has my sincerest sympathy. The Thargelia seem to have been a very unpleasant ceremony indeed; and any man, even if not a Boanerges, might reasonably object to being first flogged and then slowly roasted to death over a lingering fire. My love for the Greeks has never been strong, since I escaped alive from Aeschylus and Plato; and Mr. Lang has succeeded in finally convincing me that the modern loco-foco movement goes, after all, far ahead of the ancient Athenian ticket. A biological critic might also object to the presence on Scheria or Boothland of stags, bears, wolves, antelopes, and other large terrestrial mammals, which have no right at all to exist on an oceanic island, as Mr. Wallace has abundantly proved to us. If Boothland had an indigenous mammalian fauna at all (and even New Zealand has none), I would earnestly contend that it must have been of a low marsupial and Australian type. This, however, is to enquire too curiously.

Fiction is fiction, and must be allowed some little latitude, else will people begin to assert that the name of Pickwick is not to be found in the London Directory, and that they have searched the clergy list in vain for the Bishop of Barchester or the Rev. James Crawley. "In the Wrong Paradise" is a charming paper, detailing the trials of an agnostic and a member of the United Presbyterian Kirk, who get into the happy hunting-ground of the Ojibbeways; a modern poetaster, who finds himself in the Greek Elysium; and an Arabic professor, much incommoded by the too pressing attentions of gazelle-eyed houis belonging to the school of beauty chiefly admired by the Faithful of Islam. Its theological implications impress an anxious mind as verging on heterodoxy. "The Romance of the First Radical" strikes at the very roots of society and religion, for it sets forth the appalling and revolutionary doctrine that "a thing is not necessarily wrong because the medicine-men say so, and the tribe believes them." If such ideas are scattered abroad, no security will remain for the deepest and most sacred convictions of our nature. Why-Why, too, is more in advance of his age than any single Radical can ever be; even Mr. Lang himself lets us see in this very volume that he objects to Home Rule, believes in the sacred right of somebody to taboo a whole shire, and regards non-payment of rent to a landlord as a culpable breach of the eighth commandment. "The Great Gladstone Myth" is a variation on an old and well-worn theme, but so cleverly handled that one reads it all with an unbroken sense of perfect novelty. I am glad Mr. Lang seems to admit that there may be something in the "Spencerian or Euhemeristic method"; but, perhaps, this is merely an oversight.

Altogether, two things are to be said, from two points of view, about these stories. If we regard them merely as *jeux d'esprit*, they sparkle with wit and abound in the finest undertones of irony. If we regard them as light contributions to anthropology and mythology, they are rich in pregnant hints of real value, and cut some knotty points a great deal better than professorial seriousness.

GRANT ALLEN.

#### THE FRENCH COLONIAL SYSTEM.

*Colonial France.* By C. B. Norman. (W. H. Allen.)

*L'Expansion Coloniale de la France.* Par J. L. de Canessan. (Paris: Alcan.)

*La France en Indo-Chine.* Par A. Bouinais et A. Paulus. (Paris: Challamel.)

THAT the restless spirit of La belle France should have found a field in colonial expansion may be matter for congratulation to Germany; but to England it means vigilance—locks and revolvers where before "dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners." Yet the fascination to France for colonial possessions can scarcely lie in financial profit or in national honour. The sum of 175 millions sterling represents the annual value of English colonial trade; and this immense turn-over entails no direct burden whatever on the exchequer of the mother country. The 37 millions sterling—the average yearly total of French colonial commerce (not equal to that of

Australia alone)—is only obtained at the cost of upwards of nine millions to the department of the Minister of Marine. One hardly needs an example of French incapacity for colonial management, but if a comparison were wanted the statistics of the Guianas are at hand. There the same climatic and topographical influences are at work; yet, with territory rather less, English energy, unaided by the state, does ten times the trade of her neighbour, though the latter is subsidised from home to the extent of £192,159 a year. It cannot, then, be for material profit that France pushes her forces into the least known regions of the earth; neither is it as the messenger of peace. She cannot boast of a surplus population like our own, that demands the daily quest of foreign homes for 600 souls. Even had she such need, her conquests have all been in tropical climes; and M. de Canessan wisely says, "La colonisation des pays chauds ne doit pas être caractériser par leur peuplement" (p. xx).

From the first the story of Greater France is a story of war: "no *Mayflower* ever sailed from a port of France." The dissensions so inseparable from French command, which recently embittered the life of Paul Bert, doomed to failure Gaspar de Coligny's plans for a free and enlightened France across the Atlantic. Again, Colbert's ambitious experiments in the seventeenth century for colonial commerce collapsed in the face of schemes of aggrandisement in Europe, which crippled the power of France to work good or ill elsewhere. The century of wars, from the Spanish Succession to the Treaty of Paris in 1815, left France shorn of her colonies, and without the surplus population that could justifiably call any into being. By that treaty Senegal, Réunion, Pondicherry and the other Indian possessions, Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Guiana were restored to her, and these constituted, at that time, her only legitimate colonial interests beyond her shores. Since then—monarchy, empire, or republic—she has adopted the good old rule of taking where she could. Without surplus population or aptitude for commerce, and consequently without any need for territorial expansion, she has acquired Algiers, Obock, New Caledonia and other islands in the Pacific; and she has assumed a protectorate over Tunis, Madagascar, and the four provinces of Indo-China. Tunisia, with its prospective harbour of Bizerta, M. de Canessan says: "Serait de nature à contre-balancer dans une certaine mesure la situation considérable que l'occupation de l'Egypte donne à l'Angleterre dans la Méditerranée." Obock is to close the Red Sea to English commerce. Saigon and the ports of Annam and Tonquin are to bar our road and paralyse our trade with China. Madagascar and Réunion are to control the Indian Ocean, and armaments from New Caledonia and Tahiti are to keep in check help from Australasia. In the New Hebrides a determined front and a united Australia may yet secure performance of the republic's solemn treaties. But in Madagascar, where she has to meet no enemy of equal strength, civilised nations are spectators of a desultory conflict similar to that being enacted in the Balkans—a brave unaggressive people persistently harassed by flimsy overbearing claims.



The principles of rivalry and rapacity that directed European governments in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and first half of the present century are as obsolete here as rapiers and furbelows. Englishmen of to-day would as soon think of overrunning Brazil as undertake for the first time the conquest of India. But the minds of our democratic neighbours are still clothed in the antiquated notions of their ancestors. Not even the most enthusiastic Francophile would maintain that France holds Annam, as we hold India, for the good of the natives.

Yet this was not always our relative positions; and if we look at the subject aright, we shall acknowledge that Greater Britain owes much to France. In American colonisation she was our pioneer; and Richelieu and Colbert anticipated the scheme of a chain of naval stations which have done so much to string together our scattered colonial gems. Napoleon's invasion of Spain and Portugal, by extinguishing their prestige, paved the way for the disruption of their colonies, and thus freed England from two rivals in the world-game of grab. England's empire in India dates from the interference of a Frenchman and his wife, M. and Mme. Duplex, in the Hyderabad succession in 1748. Dread of the French actuated our conquests in India from Clive to Wellesley, as later it caused our interference in Egypt. As regards her assistance to America in the War of Independence, she helped to call "a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old." But on the ashes of our old relationship with colonies founded on religious schism and nurtured on political differences has arisen that new relationship which, in the councils of the world, must always give England the moral support that comes of having a powerful party united to us, if not by interest, at least by common nationality and religion. It must also be remembered that it was as the rivals of France in the dynastic struggles of Alaungphya that we first came into connexion with Burma in the last century.

In the past we have profited much by France, and to-day we have still many things to learn from her. We can appreciate the result of, but scarcely hope to attain, the secret that knits so closely the French *émigré* with the people among whom he goes to reside. The representation of the colonies in the Chamber and Senate may, as Capt. Norman suggests, form a model for the present hazy notions of an imperial parliament. Colonial banks vastly assist enterprise. That institution, as well as cheap oceanic postage, might well be imitated. We should not be altogether ungrateful even for our gallant neighbours' restlessness. It may have been in some degree instrumental in producing Mr. Stanhope's recent dispatch to the Colonial Governors, and thus in teaching us hedge ourselves round with complex safeguards.

The mass of French literature springing into existence on the subject of her colonies shows the keen interest taken by all parties in her renewed activity. If more evidence were needed, it is supplied by the recent establishment of a colonial section at the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques, and the appointment to colonial posts of men of such

recognised eminence as the late Paul Bert and M. Cambon, to say nothing of the agitation for a colonial army and a special minister for the colonies. From this mass of literature we would single out M. de Canessan's *L'Expansion Coloniale de la France* as being written in a strain of moderation, and as being replete with the latest and minutest information. The want of an index may diminish its practical utility, but does not detract from its sterling merit. The *Table des Matières* is not sufficient clue to so valuable a store. Of the ordinary Englishman's views of this increased fervour in our neighbours for colonial development, Capt. Norman is a fair exponent. True, there is nothing very animated in his book or very profound. But it is without pretension; and, if it does not excite interest by vivid descriptive power, it fulfils the more useful function of affording accurate statistics of trade, finance, and population. In fact, excluding the omission of all reference to Algiers, it is such an account as a military man of industry and common sense might be expected to compile on such a subject. Like his work on Tonquin, it is not likely to pass unchallenged by those interested in the subject beyond the Channel. Among those who thus criticise his earlier work are Capitaine A. Bouinai and M. A. Paulus, who have just placed before us a fairly exhaustive treatise on the recent march of events in the far East—events which these gentlemen assert have restored France to the second rank among colonising nations.

In meditation on things colonial, England has arrived at the stage which Buddhists might designate "Sammā Sambuddh." She sees all her prior colonial lives—the chances that gave and the faults that lost to her her first American dominion; how she gained India, not by deliberate conquest, but by the accidents that led her to protect the trading establishments of some of her subjects, to found an army there, and to take advantage of dynastic dissensions. France has attained to no such a height in meditation. She still dwells in a fool's paradise, and has yet to learn the hollowness of conquest by the sword and the instability of mere mechanical union of alien nationalities. She fails to recognise the axiom that extension of territory is not synonymous with extension of power—an axiom that no amount of progress in steam navigation or electricity can alter.

MAGNUS J. PYKE.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Tragedy of Featherstone.* By B. L. Farjeon. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

*Love and Liking.* By M. E. Smith. In 3 vols. (White.)

*An Excellent Mystery.* By C. Davenport Jones. (Sonnenschein.)

*Asserted but Not Proved.* By A. Bower. (Fisher Unwin.)

*Is Love a Crime?* By Mrs. Jagger. (Sonnenschein.)

*Between Man and Wife.* By E. M. Davy. (White.)

*A Freak of Fate.* By Edward F. Spence. (White.)

*Burglars in Paradise.* By E. S. Phelps. (Chatto & Windus.)

*The Tragedy of Featherstone* marks an artistic advance on the part of Mr. Farjeon, inasmuch as it is the most compact story in point of plot he has ever written. He fills his three volumes, and yet he has printed singularly little which, when due regard is had to plot, he would have done well, on revision, to have struck out. Mr. Farjeon would not be Mr. Farjeon if he did not pause in his sentimental journeys through life to give utterance to sub-Dickensian raptures on the beauty of humble happiness. But there are fewer of these in *The Tragedy of Featherstone* than in most of his previous works, and his blind heroine, Mrs. Earnshaw, and her daughter are not undeserving of them. The "tragedy of Featherstone" is, in itself, a rather improbable affair, if by that phrase Mr. Farjeon means to describe the death of Michael Featherstone, the scoundrel of the story, with marks on his neck which at once suggest strangulation. That these marks should have been left by his own hands in a convulsive fit which carried him off, while at the same time his money should have been not stolen, but stowed away by himself, is making a double and too severe demand on the credulity of even the most hardened reader of fiction. Mr. Farjeon also strains a point when he makes the written confession of Featherstone's accessory before the fact flutter out of the window of an inn into the hands of the lame sailor, Peter Lamb. But if these audacities of plot-conception are excused, it must be allowed that Mr. Farjeon works the wires of his mystery very cleverly. There is no incident but has its connexion with both the initial crime and the final explanation; there is no character but has his or her place in the evolution of the story. *The Tragedy of Featherstone* marks an advance on Mr. Farjeon's part in another way. Like most students of Dickens, he has hitherto been in the habit of paying more attention to his minor than to his leading characters, more particularly to those of them that are eccentrics. In *The Tragedy of Featherstone*, however, he has distributed his artistic favours with an equal hand. Warren Earnshaw, who is accused of the murder of the man that has ruined his father and cruelly insulted himself, and his much-enduring wife, are even more interesting than Peter Lamb, the cripple sailor, and that eminently muscular Christian and philanthropist, Richard Freeman, who seem much more in Mr. Farjeon's line of art. Mary Earnshaw is, indeed, both an admirable and an admirably sketched character. Thrifty Miller, the tallyman, recalls Cadesby; and is there not a touch of Mr. Bucket in the wonderful detective who discovers everything and everybody in the end? All deductions being made, however, Mr. Farjeon has, in *The Tragedy of Featherstone*, produced a very enjoyable, a thoroughly wholesome, and, for him, a singularly coherent story.

Besides being as loosely put together as, for a wonder, *The Tragedy of Featherstone* is the reverse, *Love and Liking* is a rather provoking story. There is a good deal of

power in it; but it is wasted, because it is so much diffused. The author has been too ambitious. She has striven at one and the same time to present pictures of seaside and country life, to tell the story of an election, and to keep running two love affairs, in addition to several flirtations. The result is that nothing is done thoroughly, and no figure, not even the pretty Judith Aylmere, stands out as a complete portrait. The best character is, from the moral point of view, the worst—Major Tyler, who, underbred and heartless as he is, has a marvellous capacity for getting women of all ages to marry him. That, however, Elsie Eber, having once been married to Tyler, should have allowed him even the chance of making another victim in the person of poor old Mabella Egbert is a blunder. Elsie is nothing if not conscientious, and, being so, she should and would have warned Mabella the moment she saw her in danger. Lord de Pole and Ned Rawson, the rivals in love and politics, are commonplace in the extreme; the wonder is that Judith Aylmere, who would have been a charming girl if only Mrs. (or Miss) Smith had taken sufficient pains with her, should have wasted "liking," much less "love," upon either. The author of *Love or Liking* has been weighed down, above all things, by her desire to draw "society" at the seaside resort of Sandycott, and in the neighbouring county town of Nettlethorp, with its "Divine Creamy" and "La Belle Catty" and all its dismal frivolity and gossip. This was not worth drawing at the best. But, if the work has to be done at all, a whole novel would not be too much to give to it.

Mr. Davenport Jones has, no doubt, a good reason for giving his book the title of *An Excellent Mystery*. But, to the wearied reader, the true mystery connected with the book must be how Mr. Jones could have come to write so portentously long a story about so very small a matter. His 426 closely printed pages upon the quarrels of Robert Pride and his wife are a warning to all lovers of fiction. The age of three-volume novels may be almost past, but the age of compression is evidently not yet. Robert Pride and Deborah Vyse, being both foolish, excitable, and warm-hearted persons, are very good company before they get married. But after that unhappy event, it would be difficult to say which of them is the less tolerable. As for their differences and separation, on which such an amount of ink is spilt, Mr. Jones may say, no doubt, that it is in this connexion that his "excellent mystery" appears. Deborah's aunt hates her own sister, Deborah's mother, and having tried in vain to bring about a marriage between Deborah and another man than Robert Pride, schemes, with only too great success, to embitter husband and wife against each other. But if either the one or the other had had a grain of common sense, he or she would have demanded and obtained from the other such an explanation at the beginning of the rupture as would have exposed and out-manoeuvred the "excellent" plotter. Mr.—or is it Miss?—Jones is the more to be commiserated on his failure to give ordinary human interest to this wretched family squabble, in that he really has a satirical vein in him, and there are at least two more than respectable "might-have-beens"

among his characters. Braithwaite, Robert's ex-tutor, might have been a second George Warrington, and Christopher Vyse, Deborah's father, might have been a polished and nineteenth-century Squire Western.

*Asserted but Not Proved* is not much of a story. The love affair between the author's sweet governess and his excellent but almost briefless, though by no means tongueless, barrister, is delightfully short; and an unknown but rich uncle turns up in the nick of time to make everybody happy, himself included. Then there is some rather good, if also Poyserish, rustic talk in *Asserted but Not Proved*; and "women's rights," the faults of the century, and so forth, are discussed very fully by Mr. Bower and one or two of his characters, notably by a bank manager, who has become painfully aware of the fact that his children's governess is decidedly superior to their mother. Both the talk and the politics are better than what pass muster for such in ordinary novels. This book has evidently been thrown off by the author while reading himself into a religious, ethical, or political creed. It is marked by immaturity of more kinds than one. But the immaturity is not devoid of promise.

There is moral earnestness in *Is Love a Crime?* but there is little else that is notable, much less commendable, in it. Miss Ruth Fletcher, the daughter of a Yorkshire village shoemaker, who is "a professed infidel," and "in his youth had been a wild character," has a hard time of it in Mrs. Jagger's pages. She inherits gipsy blood, if not madness, from her mother. Village life does not suit her, nor does acting in a fifth-rate provincial company, nor the work of a mill-hand, which only too literally brings her more kicks than hapence. She tries her pen, but her MSS. are steadily declined. She loves the Rev. Dudley Rufford, and he loves her; and yet, being convinced that he has some slumming to do in London, he says, "Get thee hence, Satan," and "kneels down on the damp grass and wrestles like Jacob of old," apparently without paying the penalty of his rashness in the shape of a rheumatic fever. Unfortunately, also, Ruth is loved by Mr. Robert Marshall, sub-editor in "some offices" of which Ruth "has charge," in the sense of keeping clean, who writes such "brilliant articles"—is this what sub-editors are in the habit of doing, or is it only a pretty way some of them have?—that newspapers compete for his services, and yet is described by his own chief as being "as mad as a hatter." Mad, indeed, Marshall must have been, for he told Ruth that "fiction is a sphere which is never over-crowded." He dies of a shot from his own revolver, having tried it in vain on other people; and Rufford marries Ruth, when she is a successful novelist. No doubt many folks in real life talk political commonplaces and ethical crudities, and callow curates sometimes speak superior nonsense like Dudley Rufford. Thus, it may safely be said that many a man holds with Edward Lister, M.P., and Dudley's brother-in-law, that "Home Rule for Ireland is a question which requires the deepest consideration." To this extent Mrs. Jagger's book may be said to be true to life. But it is an inartistic, backboneless, unsatisfactory story.

There is little to be said of *Between Man and Wife*, except that it has a juvenile look, that its style is unpretentious and free from glaring faults, and that its plot is not original. Rina, the wife of Sir Gilbert Jaye, secretly helps a dissipated cousin, and very easily her husband's jealousy is roused. Matters reach a climax when she is found in the cousin's rooms, where he has committed suicide. Her reason gives way, but, happily, when it returns to her, the horrors of the past appear nothing more than a dream. The story is told in more than passable English by a medical man, but, being thus devoid of originality, it need not have been told at all. There is one character that is drawn with care—Sir Gilbert Jaye's friend, Col. Trench. He is a rare compound of marplot and good angel.

*A Freak of Fate* is a perfectly preposterous story, with a considerable amount of ghastly power in it. The hero-villain of it is a man who, in an epileptic fit—so, at least, he virtually asks us to believe in his autobiography—murders a beautiful and amiable young lady to whom he is betrothed. He is a morbid-minded creature at the best, and on his own showing; but his mental condition is rather ingeniously accounted for by the circumstances attending his birth and up-bringing. Then a diabolical uncle—with an evil eye and a red scarf, and a feud against the family his nephew seeks to connect himself with—is made to pervade the story with undoubted and eerie effect. One is quite sure that in real life such a man as Edmund Hosmer would have been confined as a lunatic from early manhood; yet not only his terrible experience, but even his character, becomes unpleasantly fascinating the more one knows of it. With a saner and more genuine hero, and a happier plot, Mr. Spence should do better than he has done in *A Freak of Fate*.

There is only one fault to be found with Mrs. Phelps's new and most attractive story—it gives us a positive surfeit of her peculiar humour. That humour is perhaps a trifle too dry, like the champagne Canning blasphemed. It would have been more enjoyable had it been relieved from first to last by even that sort of tenderness which comes in at the end. Still one is very glad to have Corona at the seaside and her "Old Maid's Paradise" served up once more, with all the new fun of the burglary scare, and the buying of the horse, and the real burglary, and the marvellous and futile hunt for the burglar. Corona's maid, Puelvir, is as good a character as is to be found in the whole range of American humour; and yet she strikes one as being too human in her sympathies, and too earnest in her absurdities, to be a mere creation of Mrs. Phelps's fancy. But, in truth, *Burglars in Paradise* is a book not to be criticised, but to be taken—in small doses.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

#### RECENT THEOLOGY.

*Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ*. Discourses by John Hamilton Thom. Second Series. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) Twenty-six discourses are contained in this second series of sermons, and they show no falling off from the first series, either in powers of expression or in depth of thought. Mr. Thom's style produces, just at first, on the casual reader an



impression that it is quiet to a fault; and it is true that the author abstains conscientiously from any attempt to carry our judgment by storm, or use the drums and trumpets of eloquence to persuade our reason. But the more we read of the book the more are we struck by its sustained grace of thought and expression, by the completeness with which each subject is thought out, and the perfection of the expression given to the results attained. It is, in fact, partly owing to the care devoted to each sentence of the short discourses that the style seems so quiet. We do not at once perceive that it is an evenness of excellence which is producing a sense of monotony. When we do perceive it, and cease to expect any rapture of eloquence or thunder of denunciation, we thank the fates for that rarest kind of literary charm nowadays—the charm of gentleness. A favourite text with Mr. Thom is the beautiful one, "Thy gentleness would make us great"; and it might fittingly be chosen as descriptive of the whole tone of the book. It need scarcely be insisted how admirably suited such a style is to the interpretation of "The Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ." Mr. Thom's theology derives from Maurice as much as from anybody; but he can claim to be an original thinker. He is never polemical, but quietly ignores the more irrational dogmas of current theology, and confounds false views by showing how absolutely and intimately the true ones rest on the general teaching of Christ and the New Testament. As instances of excellent sermons—the one on a comparatively unimportant ethical question, the other on perhaps the most momentous article of religious belief—we will mention sermon xv., entitled, "Worse than an infidel," and sermon xx., "The Resurrection World." We take these as illustrating the scope of the volume, and the even care Mr. Thom gives to the by-paths of his thought. But they are not better than the other discourses. They are only specimens from a volume of singularly able and delightful sermons.

*Sermons preached at Uppingham School.* By Edward Thring. (Bell.) Mr. Thring says in his preface that "school sermons have a certain value of their own as belonging to a current of life." They have also a value of their own because they are preached to schoolboys, who are ignorant of doctrinal and theological terms, and must therefore be spoken to by the conscientious preacher in simple and original language. Mr. Thring's hundred and sixty-one sermons are all short, but each one has had careful thought given to it by a powerful and cultured mind. In presenting us always with an honest piece of original thought, Mr. Thring reminds us of Dr. Arnold, but he has powers of imaginative description which Dr. Arnold lacked. The sermon on true bravery contains the best description and estimate we are acquainted with of the bravery of St. Paul, and may be instance-d as a good example of the freshness which Mr. Thring imparts to the most well-worn themes. This freshness, due, of course, primarily to the strong imagination of the preacher, is probably owing, in part at least, to the congregation of schoolboys. Uppingham schoolboys are fortunate in having a headmaster whose sermons must leave them with the feeling that religion is something real and practical, intended for honest boys and honourable men, and not only for old ladies and clergymen.

*The Olive Leaf.* By Hugh Macmillan. (Macmillan.) This volume contains twenty-one chapters, which are essays or meditations on various subjects; the first, on "The Olive Leaf," gives the volume its name. Occasionally a short piece of blank verse ends a chapter. The merits of the book are obvious. Dr. Macmillan's knowledge of natural history is original and extensive; and he has large stores

of historical and antiquarian information. In language remarkable for grace and simplicity he gives the reader the results of his reading and observation, and proceeds to detect in these results various curious analogies between natural and spiritual laws, and to use his interesting information to illustrate religious truths, often most ingeniously. Chapter v., on "A Tuft of Moss," shows him at his best. The structure of mosses is described most lovingly and exquisitely. He enters into the minutest botanical details, and yet contrives to convey to the reader's mind the most vivid realisation of the beauty and the living individuality of what he describes, succeeding just when the ordinary botanist with his jargon of scientific terms completely fails. But when, after telling us that the teeth of the seed vessel in mosses are always four in number or some multiple of four, he mentions that men have thirty-two teeth, and proposes to follow up "this train of thought," all our respect for the argument from analogy will scarcely prevent us from suspecting that we are following up a train of nonsense; and this although we have read with toleration Plato's speculations in the same field. Again in the chapter on "the buffet game," the facts about the paintings representing the game in the tombs of Beni-Hassan in Egypt, and the probable antiquity of our game of "hot cockles" are very interesting, and very much to the point in Dr. Tylor's works; but to find several pages devoted to them in a meditation on the blindfolding of Christ in the palace of the High Priest offends us. Dr. Macmillan should be above using his curious learning to bribe the listeners to his sermons. These two faults of vague and fantastical analogy, and irrelevant though interesting illustrations, detract from the value of a good book, written always in the clearest and simplest style, and containing much suggestive and beautiful thought, and many powerful and pertinent illustrations.

*The Church on the Moor.* Sermons preached in St. Margaret's, Ilkley, by William Danks. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.) These sermons are noticeable among the many volumes that are poured from the press, not only for their simplicity and directness, but for their great interest. They are sermons that can be read. Mr. Danks is clearly not one of those people who imagine that a mere repetition of texts, or tabulation of doctrine, will suffice to excite people's attention or influence their will. He seems to know what people are thinking about, what topics interest them, what their difficulties are (intellectual and moral); and to these he addresses himself with considerable vigour and with marked candour. That these sermons should be printed at the request of the parishioners is a good sign of the times. There can never have been a time in England when the middle classes were so ready to hear anyone who has anything to say, and so keen to distinguish a real voice from an echo. There is nothing in Mr. Danks's sermons that can lay claim to originality in the sense that we might call Dr. Martineau or Canon Holland original; but he evidently speaks from wide reading, careful cultivation, and broad sympathies, and with full conviction. And in preaching this is to be original.

*The Trinity of Evil.* By Canon Wilberforce. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This volume contains three papers on Infidelity, Impurity, and Intemperance, which have already appeared in the *Christian Commonwealth*, where they formed part of a series entitled "Topics of the Times." An appendix on the duty of the clergy in regard to temperance, and a short preface, are now added. Canon Wilberforce shows in his preface that he is not quite certain of the wisdom of classing the infidel with the fornicator and drunkard; and the charity and good

sense of the first paper make it plain that he does not regard the atheist with that righteous "fury" which is the due of the seducer. But, nevertheless, we regret that in a book containing language unusually earnest and outspoken on the subject of impurity, Jeremy Taylor's saying about the heretic, "his error is his misery, not his crime," should have been forgotten. How can the atheist believe he is regarded as a brother when he is classed along with those against whom the "fury of the Lord" is proclaimed? The paper on impurity deals with the *Pall Mall Gazette* revelations and the resulting prosecutions. Canon Wilberforce says what he thinks plainly and fiercely; and even those who differ from him must acknowledge the power of his sincerity, and admire the honest delicacy which avoids anything like prurience. To many his opinions, strong as they are, will seem simple common sense, which the legislator or the citizen ignores at his peril. The paper on Intemperance goes over well-trodden ground, and without being intolerant, is eloquent and able.

*The Vocation of the Preacher.* By E. Paxton Hood. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This book is the second of

"what was intended to have been a series of volumes on pulpit-work and workers, partly consisting of chapters from previous works, long out of print, and partly the result of a more recent course of lectures delivered in Boston, U.S."

The first volume of the series, *The Throne of Eloquence*, was the last book published by Mr. Hood in his lifetime. The volume before us has been put together in its present form since his death, and has not in consequence received final revision at the hands of its author. This fact explains and excuses a certain lack of unity observable in the book. The first two chapters on "The Instinct for Souls," the chapters on "The Paper in the Pulpit," "The Place of the Pulpit in Poetry and Fiction," and "Billingsgate in the Pulpit," are plainly parts of a treatise on *The Vocation of the Preacher*; but the biographical chapters have no necessary connexion with these, although, of course, they illustrate them abundantly. The sketches, for instance, of Frederick William Faber and Cardinal Newman, charming as they are, are nevertheless somewhat out of place in their surroundings. But taking the book as we find it, it is one which few readers will lay down unread. It is interesting, picturesque, vivacious, eloquent from beginning to end. As regards the thought, it is perhaps a little open to criticism. Mr. Hood insists eloquently that an instinct for souls, and not an instinct for scholarship or culture, is the preacher's first necessity; and this theory makes him distinctly unfavourable to the use of the paper in the pulpit, and very tolerant of the faults of untaught and extempore prophets. But he does not forget that perspiration is not inspiration, and indeed illustrates this truth ably and forcibly. What we miss is an effort to reconcile the two opposite truths, without which the emphatic statement of either is felt to be incomplete. This criticism frequently occurs to us as we read Mr. Hood. The biographical sketches include Dr. Faber, Cardinal Newman, Dr. Andrews of Walworth, James Parsons, James Wells, and Puritan Adams, besides chapters on different epochs of preachers which are essentially biographical. Of these, the first two papers mentioned seem most carefully done; the thoughts selected are admirably chosen in both cases, and Cardinal Newman's eloquence excellently described and analysed. The subjects of the other sketches are less eminent men, and have not the same kind of interest attaching to them; but, in several instances, Mr. Hood writes from personal recollection, and collects many pertinent stories and anecdotes illustrative of the men and their

times which lose nothing in the telling. Some of Mr. Hood's own epigrams are worth remembering: "Books are not so much the missionaries as the legislators of thought"; "Our religious liberty, which, for the most part, means determination at all hazards to have our own way"; "The saints have to be fed, and that feeding time absorbs all the labour and thought of many of our Churches and ministers"; "We have used that great Geyser, the religious instinct in man, as a means for keeping our pot boiling, and almost all our modern designs about religion look in that direction"; "The ability to be insulted meekly, and to get the best of it, that is a rare faculty." We might multiply instances if space allowed. We will finish with, perhaps, the wisest sentence in Mr. Hood's entertaining and clever book: "All preaching, to be successful, must always be based in common-sense, but especially now."

*The Contemporary Pulpit.* Vol. V. January—June, 1886. (Sonnenschein.) Two qualities are necessary to the editor of such a publication as *The Contemporary Pulpit*, if it is to be satisfactory: he must, in the first place, be able to appreciate more than one kind of excellence, and represent fairly in his pages High Churchmen and Baptists, Bishops and Presbyterians; and, secondly, he must avoid the snare of giving his readers only big names, and inserting anything that a popular preacher can be persuaded to sign. Both of these requirements are possessed in an unusual measure by the editor of the volume before us. If we may judge from the terse and interesting notes entitled "In the Editor's Study," he seems unable to be quite fair to Canon Farrar and Dr. Edwin Hatch; but nowhere else in the book is prejudice to be detected. Names and matter both are everywhere excellent, and thoroughly representative of contemporary religious thought. There are eleven sermons; but the more numerous outlines are so carefully and fully reported as to be of almost equal value. Among the contributors to the outlines are Canon Westcott, Dr. Oswald Dykes, Rev. S. A. Tipler, and Dr. Stanford. The first sermon is by Dean Church, the second by Dr. Maclaren, and these names are fair samples of the rest.

*New Outlines of Sermons on the New Testament.* By Eminent Preachers. Hitherto unpublished. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This book is the ninth volume of the "Clerical Library." It contains ninety sermons, accurately and carefully condensed, and for the most part not too short to be useful. If it be granted that the use of outline sermons can be permitted to a hard-worked preacher, this volume can be recommended as handy, careful, and, more than usually thoughtful; but every minister who uses it should remember that no laziness is more hurtful to him and to his cause than intellectual laziness. We notice in sermon eighteen the vulgarity, "like He did," but it seems an exception.

*Anecdotes illustrative of Old Testament Texts.* (Hodder & Stoughton.) This is volume ten of the same library, and we can recommend it more unreservedly than volume nine. Of course, every reader will find many of the anecdotes pointless, or even ethically false; but this is because the 529 anecdotes are intended to supply illustrations to differing schools of thought. The merits of the book are that the anecdotes are told well and tersely, and that in very many cases they are historical facts in the lives of really remarkable men.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

THOSE who were interested in *Ali Baba's Tour in India*—the one volume of Anglo-Indian essays that deserves to hold a place in literature—will be glad to hear that some other

scattered papers of the writer (the late G. Aberigh-Mackay) will shortly be published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. *The Tour in India* is now in its fourth edition.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish next week *Railway Problems: an Enquiry into the Conditions of Railway Working in Different Countries*, by Mr. J. S. Jeans, the secretary to the Iron and Steel Institute.

MR. H. MORTIMER-FRANKLYN'S forthcoming book upon Imperial Federation has been put rapidly through the press, and will be issued by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. next week. It contains, we understand, some suggestions as to the utilisation for political purposes of the Imperial Institute.

*The Making of New England*, by Samuel Adams Drake, is the title of a new work on the early history of America, to be published next week by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Its aim is to occupy a place between the larger and lesser histories, and to form a compact and handy manual. There are numerous maps, plans, and illustrations.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY is about to publish a new novel, entitled *Fifine*, by Mr. A. T. Story. The scene is laid in Germany, where the author spent the years 1869-70-71, and saw a good deal of the Franco-German War as newspaper correspondent.

THE next volume of Mr. Elliot Stock's "Book Lover's Library," will be *Dedications of Books to Patron and Friend*, by Mr. H. B. Wheatley.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & BOWES, of Cambridge, who published in 1881 a facsimile of Linacre's translation of Galen's *De Temperamentis* (Cant., 1521), edited by Dr. J. F. Payne, have now ready for issue three more volumes of their proposed reprint of the books of John Sberch, the first Cambridge printer. These are Henry Bullock's *Oratio habita Cantabrigiæ* (1521), the *Epistola ad Christianos omnes* (1521), and the *Hermathena* of Papyrius Geminus (1522). They are edited by the late Henry Bradshaw, whose notes have been passed through the press by Mr. Jenkinson. Mr. Bradshaw has been able not only to prove that Bullock's *Oratio* was the very first book printed at Cambridge, but also to fix the order of the other seven issues of Sberch's press. Four of these yet remain to be taken in hand when a sufficient number of subscribers come forward.

A CHEAP edition is announced of Prof. Henry Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, which is already in its fiftieth thousand. The author has written an article on his book, which appears in the current number of the *British Weekly* as the first of a series of "Interviews by Post."

WITH the close of the year, Messrs. Sampson Low have issued in the *Publisher's Circular* their usual analytical table of books published during the past twelve months. As was to be expected, the total for 1886 shows a considerable decrease when compared with the total for 1885, and a still larger decrease when compared with the total for 1884. Eliminating new editions, though these followed the same law, the following are the figures for new books only in 1884, 4,832; in 1885, 4,307; and in 1886, 3,984. In the course of two years, therefore, there has been a decline of no less than 17 per cent. A comparison of the several classes of books is yet more instructive, for the apparent changes are so great as to indicate something like a revolution in literary productiveness. Theology alone remains pretty constant, though sharing in the general decline—from 724 in 1884 to 616 in 1886. But juvenile books have decreased in the same period from 603 to 390, while fiction shows the

extraordinary increase from 408 to 755. On the other hand, if these figures can be trusted, only 60 books of poetry appeared in 1886, as compared with 179 in 1884; while the lawyers have contented themselves with the ridiculously small number of 18 new books and 15 new editions during the past year, while they enjoyed a total of 279 of both kinds two years ago. Apart from novels, the only other important department to show an increase in both years is that of political and social economy, trade, and commerce.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

##### THE CHILDREN'S WEEK.

(A Reply to some Verses hailing the Meeting of Old and Young at Christmas Time as a Boon to both.)

'Tis true you say,  
Yule-tide is for the young,  
The old with falt'ring tongue  
Greet its array.

The mistletoe,  
Kiss-raining on our girls,  
Is strung with death-pale pearls  
To widowed woe.

Holly appears,  
Glossy to deck the dance,  
To boys, to age its glance  
Glistens with tears.

The Yule log's blaze  
On chubby cheeks beams bright,  
Wrinkles it tincts with light  
Of other days.

And Christmas fare  
That makes babes blithe and bold,  
Dyspepsy brings the old,  
And mickle care.

The New Year's eve,  
The children's tip-toe time,  
Bids those who've passed their prime  
Lean back and grieve.

But tenfold sad  
Would Christmas be to old,  
Were merry revels quelled  
Of lass and lad.

And little mirth  
Would it on young folks shed,  
If old folks went to bed  
At frolic's birth.

For twilight grey  
And rosy dawn both lend  
Each other charms, and blend  
In perfect day.

'Tis in the flow  
Of hope and mem'ry, we  
Take heart to live and be  
In this dull show.

Laughter and sighs  
Make up a tranquil whole,  
And reconcile the soul  
To toilsome ties.

Long may't abide  
That care-worn faces smile,  
On quip and wanton wile,  
At Christmas tide.

That, clear from sin,  
Young eyes then straight divine,  
In age, through each stern line,  
The love within.

Most wise your theme,  
That Christmas should enfold  
The young and peevish old  
In one sweet dream;

Compact of joys,  
Dulcarnous regrets,  
Babble of riuilets,  
Old Ocean's voice;

Of trees in flames,  
And belfries tossing chimies  
Across the snow, and mimes,  
And festive games.



While astrolabe  
Faith sees one star afield,  
And Magi homage yield  
The manger Babe.

The children's weel,  
That comes in winter's heart,  
Shall then, warmed, clothed, depart,  
And leave us meek.

J. C.-B.

## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE January number of the *Expositor* is a strong one. Prof. Sanday opens a discussion on the history of the origin of the Christian Ministry. In this first paper he takes a retrospect of the recent course of critical research, connecting it with the names of Lightfoot, Hatch, and Harnack. The second article, which will be of still greater interest, will be directly critical, and will, as may be seen, deal with the latest and most complete form of the new historical theory, and consequently with that important and interesting document, "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." From the fact that eminent theologians of very various schools have undertaken to continue the discussion, we may be sure that public opinion will be materially influenced by the results of this written conference. The Rev. W. H. Simcox contributes a highly critical, though thoroughly respectful, essay on one whom all the churches delight to honour, Canon Westcott. Prof. A. B. Davidson instructs a widespread audience by a truly popular and yet scholarly paper on the prophetess Deborah. There is much in it besides a historical view of the story and song of that heroine. Canon Driver represents the more technical side of Old Testament study by a group of notes, exhaustive and yet clear, on some hard passages in the earlier historical books. Dr. Maclaren does not sink below his high level as a homilist on Col. iv. 7-9. Canons Kirkpatrick and Cheyne contribute a survey of some recent books on the Old Testament study, including those by Kuenen, Lenormant, Briggs, Redford, and the Dean of St. Paul's. An etched portrait of Canon Westcott accompanies this number.

## SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ALLER, G. Die Grundlagen der Karl Marx'schen Kritik der bestehenden Volkswirtschaft. Tübingen: Laupp. 6 M.  
BAUMGARTEN, J. Die deutschen Kolonien u. die nationalen Interessen. Köln: DuMont-Schauberg. 2 M. 40 Pf.  
BEITRÄGE zur Geschichte der Bevölkerung in Deutschland seit dem Anfange dieses Jahrhunderts. Hrg. v. F. J. Neumann. II. Tübingen: Laupp. 6 M. 60 Pf.  
RAEDER, H. Die Tropen u. Figuren bei R. Garnier, ihrem Inhalt nach untersucht u. in den röm. Tragödien m. der latein. Vorlage verglichen. Kiel: Lipsius. 2 M.  
VERHANDLUNGEN d. 6. deutschen Geographentages zu Dresden am 28, 29 u. 30. Apr. 1886. Hrg. v. H. Gebauer. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M.

## HISTORY.

- HANDBÜCHER der alten Geschichte. III. Serie. Römische Geschichte. 2. Abth. Geschichte der römischen Kaiserzeit v. H. Schiller. 2 Bd. Von Diokletian bis zum Tode Theodosius d. Grossen. Gotha: Perthes. 9 M.  
KLOPP, G. Der Fall des Hauses Stuart u. die Succession d. Hauses Hannover in Gross-Britannien u. Irland im Zusammenhange der europ. Angelegenheiten von 1689-1714. 13. Bd. Die Kriegsjahre 1708, 1709 u. 1710. Wien: Braumüller. 15 M.  
MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. Poetae latini aevi Carolini. Tomi III. pars 1. Rec. L. Traube. Berlin: Weidmann. 8 M.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- FRAAS, E. Die Asterien d. Weissen Jura v. Schwaben u. Franken. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 5 M.  
KERNER, A. Schedae ad floram exsiccata in austro-bungaricum. IV. Wien: Frick. 2 M. 80 Pf.  
KNUTH, P. Flora der Prov. Schleswig-Holstein u. s. w. 1. Abth. Leipzig: Lenz. 2 M. 80 Pf.

RIEFAHL, E. Die Sepienschale u. ihre Beziehungen zu den Belemniten. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 4 M.

ROTHPLATZ, A. Geologisch-paläontologische Monographie der Vilsen Alpen unter besond. Berücksichtigung der Brachiopoden-Systematik. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 40 M.

WALTHER, J. Untersuchungen ab. den Bau der Crinoiden. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 12 M.

## PHILOLOGY.

FUEHMANN, J. Die alliterierenden Sprachformeln in Morris' *Early English Alliterative Poems* u. im *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*. Kiel: Lipsius. 2 M.  
MOMMSEN, T. Beiträge zu der Lehre v. den griechischen Präpositionen. 1. Hft. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Jügel. 2 M. 40 Pf.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

ROBERT OF BRUNNE.

King's College, London: Dec. 29, 1886.

Sir Frederic Madden writes that "it appears to us, from a long and attentive consideration" of the autobiographical passages in the *Handlyng Synne* and the *Chronicle*, "that Robert Mannyng was born at Brunne, . . . was a Canon of the Gilbertine Order, and for fifteen years—that is, from 1288 to 1303—professed in the Priory of Sempringham, . . . and that he afterwards removed to Brymwake in Kesteven, six miles from Sempringham, where he wrote the prologue to his first work." And subsequent historians of literature have faithfully followed so distinguished an authority. Yet Sir Frederic's statement needs revision.

It does not seem to have occurred to him to verify the existence of Brymwake. Was there ever such a place? And, if so, where?

Now that the Bryn is identical with Brunne, and the Wake some defining addition is an obvious suggestion; what is more, it is the fact. So I am assured by one who was mentioned to me as the best antiquarian authority on the part of Lincolnshire concerned—by the Bishop of Nottingham, whom I have the pleasure of now heartily thanking for the courtesy and kindness with which he has answered my enquiries. "Your 'Brimwake,'" says Dr. Trollope, "is undoubtedly 'Bourn-wake,' so called from its lord Hugh Wac and his successors in days of old, as the Wake Deeping Estate is still called Deeping-Wake or Wakes, although this has passed into other hands. . . . There may have been this distinction between the terms Brymwake and Brun—viz., that the first represented the Wak lordship of Brun, and the second the remainder of the land in the parish—as you no doubt know that through the wisdom of the Conqueror he seldom included the whole of a parish in his grants of lordships to his adherents, although he often granted several lordships in different localities to one person." Thus the name Brimwake may be compared with such place-names as Stoke-Mandeville, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Minshull-Vernon, Hurst-Monceaux, Witton-Gilbert, &c. And so Brimwake and Brunne in fact denote the same locality.

Now in this locality there was only one monastery—viz., that—I again quote Bishop Trollope—"founded by Baldwin Fitz-Gislebert or Gilbert (father of Emma, married to Hugo Wak or Wake) for Canons Regular, of St. Austin, in 1138." So that if Robert Manning was ever a member of Brunne or Brimwake Monastery, Madden errs when he asserts that he never changed his Order—that he was always a Gilbertine.

But does Robert Manning inform us that he ever belonged to Brunne or Bourn Monastery? I think not, if we read his words carefully, and do not punctuate them as is commonly done. The words from the prologue to his *Handlyng Synne* are these:

"To alle Crystyn men vndir Sunne  
And to gode men of Brunne  
And speciali alle be name  
Pe felaushepe of Symprynghame

- (5) Robert of Brunne greteþ 3ow  
In al godenesse þat may to prow  
Of Brymwake yn Kestewene  
Syxe myle be syde Sympryngham euene  
Y dwelled yn þe pryorye  
(10) Fyftene 3ere yn cumpanye  
In þe tyme of gode dane Jone  
Of Camelton þat now ys gone," &c.

Now, Madden and others, connect lines seven and eight with line nine. I propose to connect them with the lines that precede—to take them as in apposition to Brunne, as "epexegetic" of Brunne in line five. Then all is well. He, a Brunne man, more precisely a Brimwake man, greets his fellow canons of Sempringham, and goes on to describe his association with them. In other words, I would put a full stop after "euene," instead of after "prow." We should call Bourn some eight miles from Sempringham, not six; but I do not think that difference need trouble us, or set anyone against my present suggestion. Possibly the Brimwake Estate was to the north of Bourn, and so a mile or two nearer Sempringham. At all events, let any objector produce a Brimwake of his own at the specified distance.

Robert of Brunne is in his age a writer of so much importance and merit that no Old English scholar will, I think, grudge this much time and space to clearing up a detail of his life. The dates usually given for his residence at Sempringham are, I believe, inaccurate; but I must not prolong this already long note.

JOHN W. HALES.

## THE EARLY HISTORY OF UNIVERSITIES.

London: Dec. 28, 1886.

In the interesting discussion on the origin of the School of Salerno, Mr. Hutchison (*ACADEMY*, Dec. 25, 1886) has referred to a slight sketch of the History of Medicine which I contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and has quoted me as agreeing with Mr. Bass Mullinger's views on the subject. Will you therefore allow me to explain that this is only partially correct? Differing, with all respect, from Mr. Mullinger, I cannot at all accept his view that the School of Salerno was of Saracenic origin.

This has long been a vexed question, but it must be pointed out that the alternative does not lie between regarding the Benedictines or the Arabs as the founders. The view adopted by all recent writers on the history of medicine is that the learning of Salerno was a survival of the continuous though obscure stream of classical tradition which flowed on, especially in Italy, from the eighth to the tenth centuries (as mentioned by Mr. Hutchison); and that the organisation of the school, though essentially laical, was as independent of the Saracens as of monastic control. The evidence for this view rests on the large mass of material which has been collected since the discovery by Henschel, in 1846, of a memorable Salernitan *codex* in the library at Breslau, and which is due chiefly to the labours of Salvatore de Renzi, assisted by Henschel and Daremberg. Much of it is published in the *Collectio Salernitana*, edited by these writers, and brought out by de Renzi (5 vols., Naples, 1852-59), and is given in a more convenient form in the latter's *Storia documentata della Scuola Medica di Salerno* (2nd ed., Naples, 1857), as well as in the histories of medicine by Haeser and Daremberg. Nor is the *Encyclopædia* silent on the subject.

The evidence is partly literary or internal, partly external. The literary evidence seems indisputable. There are in existence medical works proceeding from the School of Salerno written early in the eleventh century, which show no trace of Arabic influence, but in which Galen, Hippocrates, and other ancient writers are quoted, probably from old Latin versions,

certainly not as known through an 'Arabian channel. It may be enough to mention Guarimpoto or Gariopontus, some of whose works have been printed, who died an old man about 1050; and Pietro Clerico or Petrocellus. With regard to the latter, it is curious that St. John's College, Cambridge, possesses an MS. in old French, entitled "Liber Magistri Petri de Salerno, transpositus a Latino in Romanum ad instanciam Margarite . . . reginae Yspaniae," which de Renzi affirms to be in part a translation from this writer, who flourished 1035. These works are claimed and, I think, with good reason, as showing a direct transmission of Greco-Latin medicine to the School of Salerno, quite independent of any intermediate Arabian channel.

That Arabian medicine did influence the teaching of Salerno is undoubted, but this could hardly have been before the Arabian medical works were translated into Latin; and this was first essayed by the Monk Constantinus Africanus, in the Abbey of Monte Cassino, where he arrived not earlier than 1076 or 1080 (twenty or thirty years after the death of Guarimpoto), and even then there is no proof that he was at Salerno, where his influence was, after all, slight.

These facts alone seem to dispose of the theory of the Saracenic origin of the school; but there is, in addition, a mass of external historical evidence which I am quite incompetent to criticise. It is certain that there were physicians at Salerno even in the ninth century, and that in the tenth they had a considerable reputation. But it is affirmed that the relations of Southern Italy with the Saracens were at this period entirely hostile; that the latter, unlike the learned Arabs of Bagdad and the later Cordova, were then, so far as Italy was concerned, mere pirates, much more in the habit of destroying the homes of learning and burning libraries than of assisting to found medical schools and universities; also that the Italians never thought of learning Arabic. Let these arguments count for what they are worth.

The possible relation of the Benedictines to Salerno appears to me a more difficult question. There is certainly no evidence of any direct connexion between Salerno and Monte Cassino. De Renzi complains that Northern writers misunderstand the supposed proximity of these places, not considering that the distance between them—of nearly eighty (Italian) miles—taking into account the difficulty of communication in mediaeval times, rendered a direct dependence of one upon the other impossible. He maintains that the great mother abbey only exercised in Salerno the same general civilising influence as in other cities of Southern Italy. It is true that there were Benedictine foundations in Salerno, and that with these were connected two hospitals; but such was the Benedictine custom in other places also. It is further placed beyond a doubt that the School of Salerno, in the times of which the history is best known, was a lay, not a clerical institution, though ecclesiastics were sometimes among the teachers. This is established by the facts, among others, of the occurrence of Jews, or at least Hebrew names, among the teachers, and of the important place occupied by women doctors. The presumption that such was the case from the beginning is opposed by no known facts, and supported by such fragmentary evidence as remains.

The theory has been from time to time started that Jewish physicians had a large share in the foundation of Salerno; and this belief was expressed in the late legend of four founders, an Arab, a Jew, a Greek, and a Latin. But, beyond the occurrence of a few Jewish names, there is really nothing to be said for this view, and it would be found on examination that this "Semitic" theory is less tenable even than that which assigns the foundation to the Arabs alone.

If the above notes should direct the attention of English scholars to researches in university history, as yet imperfectly appreciated in this

country, perhaps the length of this letter will be pardoned.

J. F. PAYNE.

P.S.—Had I seen Mr. Rashdall's letter first, it might have been shorter.

[In Mr. Rashdall's letter in the ACADEMY of last week, for "Halsey" read "Haeser," and for "1180" read "1080,"]

#### SHAKSPERE'S ACCENTUATION OF PROPER NOUNS.

Hampstead: Jan. 1, 1887.

My letter in the ACADEMY of November 6 contained a statement which required some slight qualification, and I am much obliged to Mr. Moy Thomas for drawing attention to it (ACADEMY, December 24), and so giving me the opportunity of qualifying that assertion. The words now added will make the statement correct:—"Similarly I have tested *Dunsinane* in 'Macbeth,' and find it invariably accented on the first and third syllables," except in one line, where (as often in similar cases) Shakspeare omits the secondary accent.

Mr. Moy Thomas says that in this line (4.1.92) "Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill," "the accent is clearly on the penultimate" of *Dunsinane*. If he is right, I must claim this line as the exception which proves my rule. But is he right? If Shakspeare's lines of five dissyllabic feet contained exclusively iambuses, then "clearly" *Dunsinane* must be accented on the second syllable; but, as at least twenty per cent. of Shakspeare's iambic lines contain the pleasing variety of occasional trochees, pyrrhics, and spondee, I have a right to claim this line as one of the many that end in trochee-iambus. The ending of 5.3.39, "Cure her of that," appears to me similar (trochee-iambus). Will Mr. Thomas maintain that this line "clearly" ends in two iambuses? Or again, 5.3.3, "What's the boy Mal'colm?" (*col'm* being an extra unaccented syllable) cannot end with two iambuses.

The general notion that the accent in proper nouns goes wabbling about, now pitching on this syllable and then on that, is (so it appears to me) a great mistake. On the contrary, I contend that the accent on proper nouns is, in Shakspeare's plays, firm and fixed. In words with two accents the primary (chief) accent always remains in its place, although the secondary (less important) is ignored where metre requires. (In the case of *Dunsinane* this happens once out of nine times.) And just as the Latin poets do not hesitate occasionally to make a line end with a short syllable instead of a long one, so Shakspeare, occasionally and exceptionally, lets an unaccented syllable end a line, and thus become an accented one for the nonce.

The following lines from "Coriolanus" will be sufficient to show Shakspeare's accentuation of *Coriolanus* and *Corioli*. The surname *Coriolanus* I have found nineteen times in complete lines, sometimes having five syllables, sometimes only four. The accent is uniformly, I contend, on the first *Cor* and the fourth *lan*; and exceptionally in one line (2.1.156) on the *us* also, thus making an example of the ending pyrrhic + spondee. *Corioli* occurs fourteen times in complete lines, sometimes with four and sometimes three syllables, the stable accent resting always on the second (antepenultimate):

"Coriolanus in Corioli," 5.6.90.  
"Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli," 5.6.116.  
"Holding Corioli in th' name of Rome," 1.6.37.  
"Within Corioli gates: where he hath won," 2.1.154.  
"His wife is in Corioli and his child," 5.3.179.  
"For what he did before Corioli call | him," 1.9.63.

Therefore in 1.6.10 *citizens* should be shortened rather than *Corioli*, to avoid shifting the accent from the second to the first syllable:

"The citizens of Corioli have is | sued."

"Caius Marcius Coriolanus! Bear," 1.9.65.  
"By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom," 2.2.44.  
"That we have bled together. 'Coriolan | us,'" 5.1.11.  
"In honour follows Coriolanus," 2.1.156.

BENJAMIN DAWSON

N.B.—The numbers of the lines are given from the Clarendon Press series.

#### THE LATIN SONNET ATTRIBUTED TO GROTIUS.

London: Jan. 3, 1887.

Owing to my having been spending Christmas in a remote part of Yorkshire, my attention has only just been called to Mr. Axon's interesting letter (ACADEMY, December 25), for which I tender him my most sincere thanks. He is unquestionably right respecting the authorship of the sonnet; and I only wish to point out that the mistake has not originated with me, although I am responsible for not having detected it. If Mr. Axon will be so good as to refer to the work by M. Paul Gaudin, *Du Rondeau, du Triolet, du Sonnet* (Paris, 1870), he will find the sonnet quoted *in extenso*, and described as being the composition of Hugo Grotius. M. Paul Gaudin writes:

"N'oublions pas enfin, comme curiosité dernière, un sonnet latin, car il y eut, au XVI<sup>e</sup> et au XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle, des sonnets en latin, rimés ni plus ni moins que nos sonnets français. Celui qu'on va lire est imprimé en tête des tragédies de Sénèque commentées par Thomas Farnabe (Leyde, Daniel Elzevier, 1678). L'auteur est Hugo Grotius, le célèbre savant Hollandais."

I have not seen the edition of 1678 printed at Leyden, and cannot, therefore, say whether the name of Hugo Grotius is given therein. It is, however, singular that in the 1624 edition (which I have seen) this dedicatory sonnet is preceded by a dedicatory quatrain, also in Latin, by the celebrated Dutch philologist and critic, Daniel Heinsius, who was the intimate friend of Hugo Grotius. Moreover, the town of Leyden, where Grotius's own poems were published, is mentioned in the sonnet; and as the inhabitants of Holland are also referred to, we cannot be surprised that M. Paul Gaudin imagined that "Hollandius" had reference to the Holland where Hugo Grotius was born, and not to him of Denbigh.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Jan. 10, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Urus: its People, Government, and Religion," by Commander V. L. Cameron.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Ideas conveyed by Art as touching Inanimate Nature," II., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Ancient Distinction of Logic, Physics, and Ethics," by Mr. A. Chandler.

TUESDAY, Jan. 11, 3 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: Anniversary Meeting, "The Inscribed Stones from Hamath," by the Rev. C. J. Ball.

8 p.m. Anthropological: "The Aboriginal Races of Manipur and the Naga Hills," by Mr. G. Watt.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Engineering Laboratories," by Prof. Kennedy.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "New Guinea—Past, Present, and Future," by the Rev. J. Chalmers.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 12, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: Juvenile Lecture, "Soap Bubbles," II., by Prof. A. W. Reinold.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Ardun Leaf-bed," by Mr. J. S. Gardner, with Notes by Grenville A. J. Cole; "The Echinoidea of the Cretaceous Strata of the Lower Narbadá Region," by Prof. P. Martin Duncan; "Some Dinosaurian Vertebræ from the Cretaceous of India and the Isle of Wight," by Mr. E. Lydekker; and "Further Notes on the Results of some Deep Borings in Kent," by Mr. W. Whitaker.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "Fresh-water Algae (including Chlorophyllaceous Protophyta) of North Cornwall, with Descriptions of Six New Species," by Mr. A. W. Bennett; and "A Visit to Jena," by Mr. J. Mayall, jun.

8 p.m. Hugenot Society.

THURSDAY, Jan. 13, 6 p.m. London Institution: "Chemical Action," II., by Dr. C. Meymott Tidy.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Ideas conveyed by Art as touching Inanimate Nature," III., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.



8 p.m. Mathematical: "Conjugate 'Tucker' Circles," by Mr. R. Tucker.  
 8 p.m. Athenaeum.  
 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.  
 FRIDAY, JAN. 14, 2 p.m. Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching: "The Teaching of Modern Geometry," by the Rev. G. Richardson; "The Modern Treatment of Maxima and Minima," by the Rev. J. J. Milne; and "Geometry from an Artist's Point of View," by Mr. G. A. Storey.  
 8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "The Tempest, more particularly as a Study of Poetic Justice," by Mr. R. G. Moulton.

## SCIENCE.

*The Fresh-water Fishes of Europe.* By H. G. Seeley. (Cassell.)

A GENERAL view of European ichthyology is here given the student for the first time. Much work has been done of late years among the fish of the chief continental provinces. Dr. Günther, in particular, has investigated the subject, especially in Great Britain, and the Salmonidae are largely indebted to his skill and sagacity. While weaving into his work much practical information from English authorities such as St. John, Badham, Russel, Buckland, and others, Prof. Seeley has diligently consulted the special writers on the fish of the chief European countries; and he has systematised these researches in a history which is not exactly curt, and yet which would have been still better than it is had a few more details been added in the case of many of the fish of which it treats. As it is, however, this one octavo volume gives figures and descriptions of the chief families, genera, and species of European fresh-water fish, and furnishes an excellent manual for those who have no opportunity of consulting the many separate works on the subject. Something, indeed, should certainly have been said of the distribution of the different families. The continent might have been mapped out into provinces containing typical forms. Further details of catching the various species might have been appended, too, with profit. Prof. Seeley may answer that all this was foreign to his design; but that design would have been better worked out had these points been noticed. It will be easy to supply this information in the next edition. In the mean time, readers must be contented with the table showing the geographical distribution of the chief species of European fresh-water fish.

The dispersion of the families of fish over the continent seems at first sight very capricious. Thus the *Salmo ferox* is only found in a few of our northern lochs, while species which are very difficult to discriminate from it, such as *S. lacustris* and *S. marsiglii*, are similarly known only in Lake Constance and the mountain lakes of Austria respectively. The excessive variability of the Salmonidae might tempt us to embrace these species in one, but their singular distribution still remains to be accounted for. Three chief ichthyological provinces may be roughly marked out in Europe: the Scandinavian, running from the Caucasus to the mouth of the Rhine and embracing our islands; the Alpine, including the Alps, Austria, and Turkey; and the Mediterranean, taking in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. The Salmonidae are more or less cosmopolitan in their distribution through Europe, except that they are entirely absent from the basin of the Mediterranean. The char is a Scandinavian family, most at home upon high mountains;

the little genus of *Paraphoxinus* belongs to Austria and Turkey; while the Cyprinodontidae and *Fundulus hispanicus* may seem to exemplify the Mediterranean fish fauna, the Cyprinodonts, extending far West to the Dead Sea, the valley of the Jordan, and Persia. The sturgeon family, Dr. Günther has remarked, has almost the same distribution as the Salmonidae. Graylings are chiefly found in districts where there are, or have been, glaciers, with the consequent icy streams. Only two species, it seems, exist in Europe: the one with which every fly-fisher is familiar, and *Thymallus microlepis*, a Dalmatian variety.

The salmon family and Cyprinidae—which include the carp, tench, chub, dace, roach, and other fishes useful for sport as well as food—are largely developed on the continent. It is curious that most European fresh-water fish wear sober colourings, and even in the Mediterranean province do not put on such bizarre shapes and brilliant colours as mark many of their salt-water brethren even in our own seas. For instance, no fresh-water fish assumes such glowing tints as do the wrasses, which, tricked out in red and blue and green, rival the enchanted fishes of the *Arabian Nights*. On the other hand, many of the Salmonidae, especially in the spawning season, are dight in lovely shot colours of living gold and silver, with an iridescence playing over their shapely forms on first being taken from the water, which frequently disappears, as it does with the mackerel, after death. The Siluridae form another large family, chiefly found in the East, ranging from Afghanistan to Japan. It is only known to Europe by that unsightly monster, the *Silurus glanis*, which has been caught thirteen feet in length, and occasionally exceeds 600 pounds in weight. Some twenty years ago, in the first fervour of the country for acclimatisation, it was seriously proposed to place this monster in our lakes, on account of its flesh being white, flaky, and well flavoured. Prof. Seeley's remark will probably dispose of its claims: "Heckel and Kner mention that a poodle and the remains of a boy have been found in the stomachs of old fish." Curiously, we have a much smaller fish in some of our Eastern rivers and marshes, the only one, also, of its family, Gadidae, which somewhat resembles the sly Silurus in look and habits, the burbot, *Lota vulgaris*. Drayton names it as inhabiting the Trent (where it is still found), but very little is known of its history even by experts. It is really a fresh-water ling, and forms a useful link in the argument showing that England was once geologically united with the continent.

Although Prof. Seeley is severely scientific, and seldom notices the literary associations of his subject, it is possible to pick out a few curiosities for unlearned readers from this most useful book. Thus, a small goby, rejoicing in the long name of *Latrunculus pellucidus*, only lives for a year, being the single known European instance among vertebrates of so limited a life. It is not everyone who knows that the cat fish, that frightful North-Sea fish occasionally brought to Grimsby by the trawlers from the Dogger Bank, is nothing more or less than a gigantic marine blenny. Prof. Seeley states that it grows to the length of more than six feet. We have never seen it exceeding three.

Another singular fish, *Aulopyge hugelii*, the only one of its genus, is intermediate between the barbels and minnows. It is a silvery creature, possessing a naked skin, and has hitherto been discovered only in Bosnia and Dalmatia. The genus *Chondrostoma* is almost limited to Europe, although not represented in Great Britain or Ireland. *Aspius rapax* is found only in the eastern part of Europe, and is the only specimen of the genus on the Continent.

Most readers will naturally turn first to the Salmonidae, and Prof. Seeley has here provided them with an excellent account of the family. Perhaps the difficulty of discriminating between true species, hybrids, and "sports" due to peculiar environment, is never more felt by ichthyologists than in the arrangement of this large and most useful group of fish. Günther's classification, as first stated in the British Museum catalogue of fishes, is adopted here, although with regard to some varieties the author thinks that they are "dependent upon conditions of ancient physical geography before Europe had acquired its present contours." The two great varieties of the common trout are well described. Both are met with in England. The great *S. hucho* of the Danube (which is a char), is also carefully figured and treated. This is another fish which it has been proposed to breed artificially for England. Indeed, this section of the book strikes us as being the best which it contains. Prof. Seeley does not often touch upon the economic advantages which a district owes to these trout. Evidently, too, he is not a fisherman, or else his article on the common grayling would have been amended. We should, as a flyfisher, take exception to the statement that it is ordinarily a solitary fish. Three or four generally sport together. Mr. Seeley, too, announces that it "takes the line even when baited with artificial flies." No sportsman thinks of taking it in any other way. He also appears to think that it is called the amber or "shadow-fish," because it "often jumps out of the water and succeeds in catching insects in the air, the swiftness of its movements having been compared to the passing of a shadow." Certainly we never heard of or witnessed these remarkable piscine gymnastics. The name of "shadow-fish" is derived from the fish's swiftness in its native element, from its passing by the angler like the rush of a shadow.

These are slight blemishes in a most useful book for student and angler alike. For the latter's information it should be added that the woodcuts are good, and more than two hundred in number. They give the outlines and characteristic appearance of the different fish with sufficient fidelity to ensure identification wherever we have tested the volume, which all but the very best coloured engravings commonly fail to do. Prof. Seeley deserves the thanks of all scientific men and anglers for thus systematising the researches of the great European ichthyologists, and providing a manual as well for the study as for the river side.

M. G. WATKINS.

## OBITUARY.

J. A. PHILLIPS, F.R.S.

CHEMICAL geology has suffered an unexpected loss by the death of Mr. John Arthur Phillips, which occurred suddenly at his residence at

Kensington on Wednesday, January 5. Born in Cornwall, six or four years ago, he was destined for the profession of a mining engineer; but, as no mining school then existed in this country, he received his technical education at the Ecole des Mines at Paris. It was here that Mr. Phillips imbibed that taste for original research which never deserted him, and which led to his numerous investigations, bearing, for the most part, upon the application of chemistry to mineralogical and petrological questions. The results of his researches were generally published in the journals of the Geological and Chemical societies, or in the pages of the *Philosophical Magazine*. As a young man Mr. Phillips contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* the volume on "Metallurgy"—a subject which he subsequently treated with greater fulness in his *Elements of Metallurgy*. In the course of his long experience, especially in California, he had paid much attention to the occurrence and treatment of gold-ores; and, in 1867, he published a valuable treatise on *The Mining and Metallurgy of Gold and Silver*. The obscure subject of mineral veins had always peculiar fascination for Mr. Phillips, and one of his latest labours was the preparation of a substantial treatise on *Ore Deposits*, published in 1884. At the time of his death, he was engaged, in association with Mr. Bauerman, in the production of a new edition of his well-known *Metallurgy*. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Mr. Phillips's work was his conscientious regard for minute accuracy, and this alone would give to his researches an enduring value.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

THE ninth volume of the fine series of monographs issued by the United States Geological Survey is devoted to a description of the "Brachiopoda and Lamellibranchiata of the Raritan Clays and Greensand Marls of New Jersey," from the pen of Prof. R. B. Whitfield. The Raritan beds lie below the Greensand, and are believed to form the base of the Cretaceous system, but their poverty in fossils renders their position rather uncertain. Brachiopods are, as a rule, not well represented in the Cretaceous strata of North America; and hence the description of these fossils is disposed of in a few pages, the main bulk of the volume being devoted to the Lamellibranchs. Prof. Whitfield objects to the recent practice of reviving Goldfuss's old name of *Pelecypoda* for this group, because many of its members are not "hatchet-footed." The volume is necessarily of a highly technical character, but will be valued by students of palaeontology as the only complete work devoted to its subject. It is illustrated by a series of admirably executed plates of great service to the specialist for purposes of comparison with similar fossils found elsewhere.

WE have also received a new part of the *Handwörterbuch der Zoologie, Anthropologie und Ethnologie* (Breslau: Trewendt), extending from the article "Landschnecken" to "Lithodina." Perhaps the most interesting contributions to this part are a group of physiological articles on Life, from the pen of Dr. Jäger, of Stuttgart, including "Leben," "Lebensbedingungen," "Lebenserscheinungen," "Lebenskraft," and "Lebensreize." Ethnology is represented by several articles—such as "Laoten," "Lappen," and "Leptscha"—by Prof. Von Hellwald. The longest essay is on "Larven," by Dr. Griesbach, of Biele. Most of the articles are readable, lucid, and not too long.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE next volume in Messrs. Trübner's series of "Simplified Grammars" will be *Serbian*, by Mr. W. R. Morfill.

THE January part of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society (Trübner) marks a new departure in more ways than one. It has appeared promptly in the beginning of the month; and it contains the first instalment of quarterly "notes" which are intended to keep the Oriental student abreast of progress in his multifarious subject-matter. The original communications are also noteworthy. First, there is a translation of a Japanese romance of the tenth century, with the original in Roman characters, illustrated with three of Mr. Griggs's chromolithographs—an entirely novel feature in the *Journal* of the society. Then we have an elaborate paper on the grammar of the Brahui language, based upon the work of the late Dr. Trumpp, which renders accessible the materials for considering its Dravidian affinities; vocabularies of five Caucasian languages, compiled by the British vice-consul at Batum, at the instigation of Mr. R. N. Cust; and a short paper on modern Hindi books, by Mr. G. H. Grierson. Altogether, the number fully justifies the ambition of its editor "to place the *Journal* on the footing of the quarterly publications of the day."

*Die Lautveränderungen der neugriechischen Volkssprache.* Von Jno. E. Brady. (Göttingen: Huth.) This useful little pamphlet gives the main facts of a subject which is more studied in Germany than in England. Of course, it contains a good many disputed points, but the author need not refer too modestly to his age (p. 7). His essay is another example of the good work which the younger American scholars are doing.

*Breslauer Philologische Abhandlungen.* I. 2. (Breslau: Koeber.) In the first number of this new series Dr. K. Zacher examines the suffixes of Greek composite nouns and adjectives. This survey does not lead to any very definite result, nor do his collections add much to Liddell and Scott. In the second, Dr. Striller writes on the rhetorical studies of the Stoics.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY.—(Tuesday, Dec. 7.)

WALTER MORRISON, Esq., president, in the chair. —A paper was read from the Rev. Dr. Joseph Edkins, entitled, "When did Babylonian Astrology enter China?"—The Chow dynasty from 1100 to 800 B.C. was in a flourishing condition, and China at the beginning of that period had the advantage of the legislative skill of Chow Kung, who exerted himself successfully to place the empire in a state of great order and prosperity. His genius led him to mathematical studies, to poetry, and to legislation; and, as one of China's sages, he had more authority in his day than Confucius, because he belonged to the imperial family, and was brother of the first emperor of the dynasty and uncle of the second. He gave to the dynasty a scientific character, and his name is connected with certain mathematical schools which continued until about 800 B.C., when they were disbanded in times of political trouble. That Babylon preceded China in the knowledge of the stars, and that China borrowed largely from Babylon, need not be doubted. Each country had a zodiac of twelve, the dial, the clepsydra, the astrolabe, an intercalary month, and observations of the motions of the five planets. In the ancient world the fame of Babylon was very much founded on knowledge of this kind. That city was a city of scientific light, and spread its doctrines through all the surrounding countries. China was among the countries that in the far East received help in scientific learning from that celebrated city. It was believed however by J. B. Biot (*L'Astronomie Indienne et Chinoise*) that Indian astronomy owed much to China, especially in regard to the twenty-seven nakshatras. The zodiac so named seems to be based on the Chinese zodiac of twenty-eight. The Hindu astronomy has changed some of the stars,

but has kept the Chinese stars in most cases. The truth of this view ought to be admitted unless the Babylonians can be shown to have had a zodiac of twenty-eight signs, from which the Hindus and Chinese might both have borrowed. Until the present time we do not know of any such zodiac among the Babylonians, and yet we have a very full account of Babylonian Astronomy and Astrology given us by Prof. Sayce in the *Transactions* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology. But the basis of the zodiac of twenty-eight is apparently the week; and assuming that the Chinese invented the zodiac of twenty-eight, it was at least based on the number seven in the great bear, and on the institution of the week in a rudimentary form. So far it may be said to be Babylonian.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, Dec. 16.)

HYDE CLARKE, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. O. C. Pell read a paper on "A New View of the Geldable Unit of Taxation in Domesday Book" (the division of the libra or pound of silver), in which he showed that centuries before Domesday Book a pound's worth of silver was in account divided into divisions differing from each other according to the tribe or nationality of the several people making such divisions. First, by the Celts, and possibly the Scandinavians, into a division consisting of 256 units or pence; by the Franks into 240 pence, and by the Anglo-Saxons into 288 pence. That the unit of taxation was an area of land consisting of bundles of acres called virgates and bovates, the size of each of them corresponding with subdivisions of such respective pounds; the acres composing them having been originally set out in the open fields by rods or *virgae* divided in correspondence with the divisions of the pound and grouped together so as to form one pound-paying unit. The pound-paying unit of Domesday was one corresponding to the Frank division of the pound into 240 pence, and the extra acreage answering to the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon divisions of the pound—in the former one-sixteenth, and the latter one-sixth—was put *extra hidam*, and not taxed, so as to secure uniformity. Many instances are to be found in Domesday where halves of villani are recorded as having ploughs; and it therefore follows that by the word "villanus" in Domesday is meant the estate, and not the person of a villanus. On reference to old MSS. near the time of Domesday, it appears that there were very often three or four persons called "socii" and "participes" holding one virgate. The population of England at the time of Domesday has, in consequence, been much underestimated—to the extent of at least one-third; and any estimate based upon the number of villani and servi, as stated in Domesday, is quite unreliable, however eminent the historian who may have made it.—A discussion followed, in which Prof. F. Pollock and Mr. F. Seebohm took part.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, Dec. 16.)

JOHN EVANS, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. J. P. Earwaker, through the treasurer, exhibited two original impressions of the seal of Edmund Cornwall, of Ever, Bucks, attached to a charter of feoffment, and a letter of attorney to deliver seisin of the manor of Ever, dated 10 Henry VI.; also letters of administration by the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, 1585, under a seal provided in pursuance of an Act of Parliament, 2 Edward VI.—Mr. W. Maskell exhibited and presented a painted panel, formerly the predella of an altar piece, with a bust of our Lord and two prophets with kneeling figures between, and an inscription recording it to be the gift of John Parmentier, Burgess of Montdidier, and his wife, in 1519.—Mr. G. Maw exhibited a curious silver medal, which unscrews to form a case for a series of seventeen small circular engravings of scenes in the expulsion of the Protestants from Bavaria at the beginning of the eighteenth century, with Scripture texts in German.—Mr. W. Brown exhibited a photograph of one of the singular North country monuments called hog-backed stones, found at Arncliffe Hall, Northallerton.—Mr. C. R. Baker King exhibited a fragment of carved oak with an inscription with inlaid letters of late fifteenth-century date, from the church of Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire.—Mr. R. S. Ferguson exhibited a large silver



fibula, or brooch, belonging to the "Iron Age," originally discovered in 1848 at Casterton in Westmoreland. It had long been lost, but came to light recently in an old cupboard in Casterton Hall.—Prof. Westwood communicated an account of an Anglo-Saxon sepulchral slab at Stratfield Mortimer, and of a Roman cross-shaft at Sheffield.—Mr. H. Swainson Cowper described a number of prehistoric remains found by him in Lancashire and Westmoreland. The most remarkable of these were two large felt hoods, originally found with four others (now lost) at a depth of four feet, in a peat-moss at the foot of Esthwaite Lake in 1867.

## FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. HEMS, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THE collection of the works of Sir Anthony Van Dyck brought together this winter at the Grosvenor Gallery is certainly the most extensive and complete that the present generation has seen. It has probably never been surpassed, if, indeed, it has been equalled. The gathering of the master's productions contained in the Fine Arts Exhibition held at Manchester in 1857 appears to have been in some respects choicer, as including two or three celebrated masterpieces which do not adorn the present exhibition, such as the great equestrian portrait of Charles I. and the "Five Children of Charles I." from Windsor Castle; but it was certainly less representative, and afforded less opportunity for studying the successive developments and transitions of the painter. It must, however, be frankly said that, brilliant and profoundly interesting as is the present show, it would have been more valuable and far more enjoyable, had its originators had the courage to exclude at least one-third of the works now brought before the public. Seeing that the main object of the collection is to give an idea of the life-work of Van Dyck, it would not have been desirable to entirely exclude the hasty and superficial performances produced by the master, or rather by his assistants under his supervision, during the last years of his residence at Blackfriars; for these are highly characteristic of the decline, both technical and moral, which marked most, though by no means all, of the productions for which the brilliant Fleming assumed the responsibility at that period. But the presence of so large a number of inferior specimens—of replicas genuine and doubtful, of works wrongly fathered on the painter—as are here mingled with the masterpieces cannot from any point of view be necessary, while it has a somewhat dispiriting effect, and may lead the superficial observer to undervalue an exhibition of unique charm and interest. It will, perhaps, be well to deal first with the doubtful works, which include one or two of high merit, though their ascription to the painter cannot be justified.

The "Sir Anthony Van Dyck on Horseback" (70) is simply preposterous, and, whatever may be its origin, it is unworthy of serious discussion. It should not, indeed, have appeared here. The "Charles Dormer, Earl of Caernarvon, as a Boy" (74) cannot possibly be a Van Dyck, seeing that the catalogue itself furnishes evidence to the contrary. According to the citation there given, Evelyn, travelling on the Continent with Edmund Waller in 1646—that is to say, five years after Van Dyck's death—describes this same Charles Dormer, whom he then met, as the "little pupil" of one M. Saladine—a designation which would barely fit even the present picture. The work may once have been a Sir Peter Lely; but it has suffered much, and need not have been brought forward,

though it has a certain sprightly charm. It is difficult to believe that Lord Lothian's "Marquis Cattaneo" (11) could ever have been painted by Van Dyck, even at the period, immediately after his first arrival in Italy, when he fell under the influence of the manner of Caravaggio. The very interesting "Portrait of a Spanish Officer" (68) which at Dorchester House was christened "Velasquez," appears here as work of Sir Anthony, but it cannot be said that the change is an improvement. At the only period of Van Dyck's artistic career when his manner would at all have approached that shown in this picture, that is, during the earlier Genoese time, his technique was widely different, his sombreness was not this sombreness, as may be seen from a comparison with several first-rate specimens of that manner in the same room. The free, sweeping touch of the heavily-charged brush, the breadth verging on coarseness, which mark the execution, are such as never were characteristic of Van Dyck. The portrait is surely of Spanish workmanship; and if a guess might be hazarded as to its origin, we should be inclined to seek for its author among those followers and younger contemporaries of Velasquez who, while adopting his style, were not free from quite distinct Flemish influences. The "Portrait of a Lady" (6) lent by Mr. R. S. Holford, but not from Dorchester House, is a remarkably fine, solid work, belonging to that section of the Flemish school which descended from the Pourbus group, and remained comparatively uninfluenced by Rubens. Neither conception nor execution has anything in common with even the earlier Italian manner of Sir Anthony. The picture shows a lady still young, with raven-black hair turned up from the forehead, and small, delicate features, which wear a somewhat haughty and impassive expression. The costume is stiff and formal in its sombre magnificence, and is such as was worn in Italy towards the middle of the seventeenth century. We should be disposed to attribute the picture to that Justus Suttermans who, after having studied under François Pourbus the younger, entered the service of the Medici Dukes of Florence, and painted there with the greatest success for upwards of a half a century. It will be remembered that Van Dyck has left the portrait of his contemporary in the *Iconographie*, and that for him Rubens painted the magnificent "Allegory of War" now at the Pitti. Lastly, it is not easy to credit that the Duke of Grafton's full-sized repetition of the famous "Charles I." of the Salon Carré can have issued even from the master's studio; so entirely do we miss the spirit and refinement of the exquisite original—among many other beauties, the beautiful silver sheen of the grey satin doublet with its happy relation to the scarlet of the hose—so inferior is the workmanship of every portion of the picture. Some peculiarities of the execution, and a certain stolidity of aspect imparted to the figures, would lead us to believe that the work is not contemporary with, but of a later period than, the original.

The earliest, or first Flemish, manner of Van Dyck is splendidly represented by Lord Methuen's great "Betrayal of Christ" (125)—a work which bears stamped on it absolute proof of its authenticity, of which, however undoubted may be the pedigree of the similar picture at Madrid—there called "El Prendimiento"—no doubt can for a moment be entertained. It belongs to Van Dyck's factitious "Sturm und Drang" period, when he aimed at imitating the splendid *entrain* and energy of Rubens, but succeeded rather in exaggerating the faults of his master's manner than in reproducing the great qualities which obtained forgiveness for them. The "Betrayal" belongs to the same category as the

"St. Jerome" at Dresden, and the "Mocking of Christ" at Berlin; but it excels these in real passion and feeling, attaining a genuine, though not elevated, dramatic power not often paralleled in the painter's later works. Of the pre-Italian time is also Mr. Holford's sketch for the famous "St. Martin" of Saventhem, from which it differs in some important particulars, the begging woman carrying a child, who appears in the sketch, being replaced in the finished picture by a sturdy ruffian of venomous and strangely realistic aspect. In this respect the sketch approaches more nearly to the great Windsor "St. Martin," attributed to Rubens, but by M. Emil Michel given to Van Dyck.

The Genoese and Roman periods of the painter's career are surprisingly well represented, considering how large a proportion of the productions of that time still remain in Italy. Much as Van Dyck's art developed after that time, many as were the technical secrets which, by grafting Venetian art on his Flemish stock, he succeeded in surprising, yet, as regards vigour and firmness of drawing, truth of characterisation and insight, he cannot, even at the apogee of his fame, be said to have risen higher than in these the first years of his independence. Two absolutely unsurpassed specimens of this manner are the portraits of the Balbi family. Mr. Holford's "Marchesa Balbi" (77) shows a charming example of youthful southern beauty, in which distinction and individuality are combined with a suppressed vivacity and vigour unusual in the artist's work at any time, though more especially so in the productions of the later stages of his career, when the subjective element of his personality became dominant, with the result of throwing over many of his finest productions, as it were, an atmosphere of languor and sadness, such as was inherent in the master's own nature. Not less beautiful is Lord Cowper's "Children of the Balbi Family" (29), in which the real unconscious *naïveté* of childhood, tempered by the signs of delicate nurture and high breeding, is rendered to perfection. In both these works the young master contrived to combine with the forced sombreness and blackness of shadow assumed with the then fashionable *maniera nera*, a subdued glow and splendour of colour: in the last-mentioned picture especially some of the tints have the richness and sparkle of jewels. Other fine examples of the same manner are Lord Warwick's "Marchesa Brignole-Sala and her Son" (18)—a dame of mien so composed and majestic that it is more than ever difficult to credit the contemporary gossip which coupled her name with that of the exquisite young Antwerp— and the admirable "Don Livio Odescalchi" (37), in the conception of which there is already, to some extent, indicated the influence exercised over Van Dyck by Titian and the Venetians. This influence is most clearly made manifest here in a work which was probably not executed until after Van Dyck's return to Flanders—the Duke of Newcastle's important "Rinaldo and Armida" (19). This picture, remarkable for its Venetian splendour of colour, for the consummate drawing exhibited in many passages, and for its perfect preservation, yet serves prominently to exhibit the painter's want of imagination and comparative lack of dramatic cohesion and real unity—defects which are generally veiled by his consummate skill and power of adaptation, but which are none the less to be discovered in some of his most important works. Somewhat exceptionally, we find, in the mannered elegance of the Duke of Westminster's admirably drawn "Virgin and St. Catherine" (51), strong evidence of the study of the seductive conventionalities of Parmegiano, so pernicious in their influence over the whole of Italy and France during the latter half of the

sixteenth century, but, which in Van Dyck's time had lost much of their attraction.

This second Flemish period is the one which is, perhaps, least well represented at the Grosvenor Gallery; and, for this reason, it was surely unwise to exclude from the exhibition the incomparable series of etched portraits executed by Van Dyck as the basis of the famous *Iconographie*, seeing that they are certainly the greatest glory of this portion of his career, that in truth and sympathy of conception, in simplicity and mastery of workmanship, they have never been surpassed. No painted portrait of the master by himself equals in sincerity and beauty the head etched by him as the model for the central portion of the frontispiece of the great work. The *Iconographie* is here represented only by Mr. Heseltine's magnificent finished drawing for the "Lucas Vosterman" (161), and by a sketch for the "Johannes Waverius" (156). During the second Flemish period, the influence of Rubens, dominating but not extinguishing the strong traces left by the art of Italian schools, seems to have regained much of its power over the now consummate artist. In the great religious works produced by him during these years this new submission to the power of Rubens is especially manifest: it is, no doubt, to a certain extent to be explained by the fact that the types and outlines, the methods of expression adopted by Rubens had so imposed themselves on the artistic world of Flanders that any grave divergence from them could hardly at that time have been maintained by a young painter. The only really representative specimen of Van Dyck's manner of conceiving sacred subjects at that period is Lord Lyttleton's original replica of the famous "Christ taken down from the Cross" (144), now at the Antwerp Museum. It sufficiently reveals the painter's great skill and power of adaptation, and, at the same time, his too rhetorical and calculating, yet not absolutely insincere, mode of conception, and his striving to attain the exuberant passion of Rubens, and yet to temper it with the Bolognese and Venetian methods as applied to sacred art. This Flemish section of the painter's work would have been greatly strengthened, had it been possible to obtain Sir Richard Wallace's portraits of Philippe Le Roy and his wife, of which the latter especially is a work of the first rank. To this time belong Lord Warwick's fine "Wife of Snyders" (79), and Lord Brownlow's exquisite "Lady and Child" (118), which is, as it were, a reminiscence of Rubens, metamorphosed by the pathos, the refinement, the languor of Van Dyck.

The works of the last eight or nine years of the master's life which constituted his English period are, of course, the most numerous of all; it would, indeed, be quite impossible, within the limits of these remarks, to do justice to them. The "Charles I. on Horseback" (99) is a very poor repetition, or rather copy, of the celebrated Windsor picture. Of all the portraits of Van Dyck's royal patron and friend shown at the present exhibition, the finest is Lord Warwick's representation of the king, seen in complete armour, fronting the spectator, with his left hand resting on a helmet, on which the royal crown, placed in juxtaposition to it, casts reflections. The pathos of the delineation is greater than in many of the great portraits *d'apparat*, while the execution is consummate in its reticence and simplicity. It was a happy inspiration to place in close proximity to this exceptionally touching likeness of the unhappy monarch the no less moving presentment of the ill-fated but less miserable Strafford, lent by Sir Philip Egerton (43). What a contrast is here between the stern, resolute lips, tempered by eyes full of love and sympathy, of the minister, and the

irresolute glance which mars the sad and dignified mien of his king! Of the numerous portraits of Queen Henrietta Maria, the finest, and that which contains most of the master's own workmanship, is the Earl of Northbrook's "Henrietta Maria and her Dwarf, Sir Jeffrey Hudson" (35), in which the queen's moral and physical personality is more clearly revealed than in almost any other representation of her. The execution of the work is a fine example of the silvery delicacy and brilliancy of colour, of the lightness of handling, attained by Van Dyck during the first years of his definitive sojourn in England. The Queen's "Three Children of Charles I." (41) is not the most famous of the Windsor pictures—the one which contains five children, and of which a replica exists at Berlin; it is the delicately executed work, more subdued in key and style, of which an admirable repetition exists at Dresden, and a sketch at the Louvre. By the way, it is somewhat unsatisfactory to find that the catalogue refers to the incomparable masterpiece at Turin as merely a duplicate, with variations, of the present work. Save that it also represents the three children of Charles, the former has, as regards composition and colour, little or nothing in common with this Windsor picture. It is, besides, beyond all comparison, the most masterly of the entire series of delineations of the youthful Stuarts, and stands, indeed, a typical specimen of Van Dyck's finest, most subtle, and most brilliant workmanship. To the English period belongs also the unique portrait of the "Abbé Cesare Alessandro Scaglia" (54), from Dorchester House, though it was no doubt painted by Van Dyck at the time of his penultimate visit to Flanders in 1634. Here the silvery exquisiteness of his later manner serves to heighten the impressiveness and delicacy of a piece of portraiture which, for grasp of character, for success in bringing to light the most subtle characteristics of an individuality, has, perhaps, only one rival among the artist's productions, and that, the celebrated portrait of Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio, executed some ten years before in Rome, and now at the Pitti. Of the double portraits in which Van Dyck was so successful, though he was not always equally happy in grouping together a greater number of figures, we have here several of the most famous. The rival versions of the "Lords John and Bernard Stuart," belonging respectively to Lord Cowper and Lord Darnley, are here for comparison, and both justify their high reputation. As regards technique, both works—which, be it stated, are widely different in conception and execution—may be said to be on the same high level; both reveal unmistakably the artist's own hand and his interest in the subject. But the charm and pathos of Lord Cowper's version (the one finely engraved in mezzotint by McArdell) are beyond comparison. Never has the painter more entirely succeeded in depicting the budding virility, the daring grace, of youth in its bloom, combined, as it is here, with a nameless, aristocratic, almost feminine charm, in entire sympathy with the artist's own peculiar idiosyncrasy. A splendid show-piece, far inferior, however, to the foregoing works in interest and charm, is Lord Spencer's well-known "George Digby, Earl of Bristol, and William Russell, Duke of Bedford" (112). The equally famous "Killigrew and Carew" (109), lent by Her Majesty, obscured and discoloured by varnish, though not otherwise injured, has a peculiar interest and value, for it is signed and dated 1638; it thus serves to prove that the decadence of Van Dyck's style in the last years of his life was not due to any deterioration of artistic power, but rather to the unfortunate necessities of his position at that period. No work here is more

remarkable for consummate excellence of draughtmanship, for insight, or for pathetic suggestion, and none is more clearly stamped with the individuality of the painter himself.

The catalogue has evidently been prepared with considerable care, and is well arranged for reference. It contains a wealth of biographical and anecdotic detail, a good deal of which, being easily available, might, however, with advantage be exchanged for further information as to some few of the pictures themselves, and as to kindred works not now exhibited. More particularly, the valuable sketches contributed are not in any way connected with the finished works of which they are presumably the preliminary studies. Thus the connexion of Mr. Holford's sketch of "St. Martin" (134) with the famous early work of Van Dyck at Saventhem, and with the "St. Martin" of Rubens at Windsor, to which we have already referred, is ignored, as is that of Lord Warwick's "St. Sebastian" (136) with the much-vaunted picture produced in 1626, and now in the Pinakothek at Munich. Nor is any attempt made to indicate whether Lord Brownlow's "Crucifixion" (154) is a sketch for the Ghent, the Malines, or the Termonde version. Dr. Waagen calls it a study for the Ghent picture; but it is more probably the first idea for the altar-piece at Termonde, seeing that only the central Cross, bearing the Saviour, is shown, those of the Thieves being suppressed, though the usual spectators are introduced. It would be well, too, to add to the notice of the "Van Dyck with the Sunflower" (1), that very similar versions exist in the collection of Lord Dysart at Ham House, and at Gotha, one of which was engraved by Hollar in 1644.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

#### RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT GIZEH.

SOMETIME before Prof. Maspero's retirement, he had been directing the labours of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities to the plateau of Gizeh, which had been scarcely at all worked for some years. The Sphinx was the main object of attack; and though the work there is still in progress, we may note what has been done during this year. The whole of the front has been cleared, the gigantic paws are revealed once more, and from the space between them the head is seen towering up on high into the blue air. The broad flight of steps of a later age which lead down into the court before the Sphinx are also clear, and from the top of them one looks across a space of about a hundred feet to the face of the ancient monster. These steps are about forty feet wide, and the clearing is somewhat wider at the Sphinx itself; while a second large clearance is now going on outside of the paws on the south.

It is very striking to see this work once more bared to the day, but there is something to be noted beside the mere appearance. The celebrated stela of Tahutmes IV., between the paws, is a centre of interest; but the fragment of the cartouche of Khafra, which was so important, has disappeared, flaked away from the scaling face of the stone. A surprise awaited me at the back of the block. There are two great pivot holes in it, or rather holes for letting in pivot blocks, exactly like those of the lintels and door-sills of the great granite temple which stands close by, south-east of the Sphinx. The granite also is of similar quality to that used there, and we cannot doubt but that this block was taken from that building. The rough granite altar of Roman age between the paws, was also cut from a block of earlier date, probably from the same building. What a satire on the dream of Tahutmes inscribed on his stela, in which he venerates Khafra, that he should despoil the temple of Khafra in order to record it!



The visible paws of the Sphinx are of a very late date; probably entirely Roman. They are largely hollow, the top and sides formed of comparatively thin slabs; and the deeply weathered chest of the Sphinx, which seems to have at first had a megalithic casing, like that of other early works, was also covered with a re-facing of small slabs. Later still, the weathered face of these slabs had been cut out and lesser pieces inserted to renovate them. Many slightly scratched Greek graffiti are to be seen, but scarcely any can be continuously read, and they are all of late forms.

The sand from this work is carried off in small trucks by a light tramway which runs through a clearance along the west face of the granite temple, sometimes called the Temple of the Sphinx, owing to its position. It is now seen that even on this side, on which if anywhere rock might be expected, the wall of the temple is entirely of immense placed blocks, down to below the level of the upper court at least. So far there is no evidence found to show that the granite temple is not entirely built on the plain.

A little way to the west some mastabas are being cleared; and here we reach the face of the western cliff, the vaults being cut in the rock, and the chambers of offering and serdabs\* being built on its front. Two serdabs still retain the figures in them. One has a large group in one block of a man and wife, a brother, and a child; the heads are lost, and some other parts, but a heap of fragments lies beside them ready to be fitted in. The name of Aseskaf occurs in the chamber of one of these tombs, or rather on a fragment of one chamber which remains. The finest thing here is a large alabaster altar, circular at the top, with a flat panel on the front, bearing the figure of a certain Ra-ur; the figure is perfect, but the inscription has suffered somewhat.

Away to the east of the most perfect of the small pyramids, adjoining the Great Pyramid, a fine tomb has been opened. It had a forecourt chamber, and a vault behind that. It belonged to a "king's son," Khufu-khaf, probably a son or grandson of Khufu; and his sons, called also "king's sons," are named Ut-ka and An-ka (written with the obelisk). A most interesting feature is the decoration of the door to the vault (or perhaps serdab). On either side is a pillar in low relief, with an everted capital (like the lotus capital, but without any rounding at the spring), a ring at the base of that, a plain cylindrical shaft expanding just at the bottom, and a slightly larger drum, with bulged outline, for a base. This is, perhaps, the earliest figure of a column known, and is especially valuable in showing all the members fully formed, capital, torus, shaft, and base, all forming a well-balanced whole, without any sign of imperfect development, or retention of either the pillar or plant forms. The sculptures of the tomb are finely executed, full and bold, of the noble style of the IVth Dynasty. The sloping front of the chamber within the court has been half cut away, however, and a wretched arch turned over the court to make it into a chamber in Psametic times; while the top of the chamber of offering, which had been destroyed, was renewed, the plastering running down roughly over the fine early sculpture. The innermost vault has a double slope roof like that of early chambers in pyramids and elsewhere.

Some clearance has also been made at the north base of the Great Pyramid, revealing more casing stones in line with those already known, and showing the pavement and dressed rock before them.

\* "Serdab," i.e., a secret chamber or closet, built in the thickness of the wall, to receive funerary portrait statues of the deceased and his family. These serdabs were walled up when the tomb was closed, and thus great numbers of early statues have been preserved from destruction.—  
ED. ACADEMY.

Unhappily, the Arabs being now only responsible to the Mudir, and not to the Museum authorities, destruction is going on sadly. A whole lintel in the rock-cut "Tomb of Numbers," has been chipped out to sell, and other lintels have been attacked, and may likewise disappear before long. The grand stone gateways lately built in the village at the foot of the cliff are a sad token to those who know from whence the materials must have come.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE plate chosen by the Art Union of London for 1887 is a line engraving, by Mr. A. Willmore, of Mr. B. W. Leader's "Streatley-on-Thames—Evening." The picture is one of the most poetical of the painter's many studies of a similar subject; but we think that the engraver has been less successful in pure landscape than in some of his previous reproductions of sea pieces. Last year, we regret to see, the subscriptions to the Art Union dropped very low, which is perhaps the reason why the council have not ventured to commemorate what is their own jubilee as well as that of the Queen by any great enterprise. The success, however, of their two plates of "The Death of Nelson" and "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher" might have encouraged them to commission some historical work appropriate to the occasion. It is not so generally known as it should be that subscribers can take any of the earlier prints, which, owing to a skilful use of the electrotyping process, are by no means in a worn condition.

MR. SAMUEL FRY, whose forcible "Revenge" was much admired at the Royal Academy, and whose statue of "Hero" is assuredly deserving of equal commendation, has issued a very limited number of smaller reproductions of the latter fine figure, introducing in each certain alterations, so that each preserves in a measure its interesting character as autographic work. Never has Mr. Fry grappled with the difficulties of the undraped or hardly draped figure with as much success—we dare assert—as in "Hero."

THERE was a great deal of noise made last summer over the Folkestone Exhibition, which was not contented with addressing itself to the usual frequenters of an agreeable watering-place and the residents of the country side, but was profusely advertised as "national" rather than local. We saw it with some interest. It contained some fine things, and a good many bad. It had an extensive house, and an excellent string band, lest the pictures should weary the connoisseur. And now it has made up its accounts, with the agreeable result that more than half of the very large sum guaranteed, and distributed, of course, over very many guarantors in the town and neighbourhood, has had to be called for to adjust the too wide difference between expenditure and receipts. We are supposed, in certain quarters, to be an art-loving people—so art loving that even an art exhibition may possibly answer if the visitor may be enlivened by a string band and comforted with ices and light refreshments. But even when these essentials are lavishly provided, it hardly ever does pay; and though no doubt the money result of the really important effort at Folkestone is one of the worst instances on record of the extent of the bucolic and provincial interest in fine art, it only pronounces emphatically what is elsewhere pronounced with less conspicuousness.

MISS SOPHIE BEALE announces a course of four simple lectures on "The Elements of Architecture" for girls over twelve years of age. They will be delivered at 35 Albany Street, Regent's Park, at 3 p.m., on Saturdays, beginning on February 12.

#### THE STAGE.

##### STAGE NOTES.

To most of the frequenters of the Lyceum Theatre, the return to its stage of Miss Ellen Terry, which took place on Monday night, will have seemed a much more important event than the last notable one at Mr. Irving's playhouse: the production, we mean, of a supplemental spectacle—"The Witches' Kitchen." Miss Terry returns to her part of Margaret with renewed freshness and vigour, and endows its more pathetic passages with the charm of her facile and spontaneous sentiment. We are glad to hear that the favourite actress is really restored to a substantial measure of health. During her absence Margaret has been played with singular winsomeness by Miss Emery, one of the very few young actresses whom the public could have enjoyed in a rôle above all things innocent and sympathetic.

It has been given to Mr. Edward Terry to restore prosperity to the Olympic Theatre. After a long provincial tour, where he has met with more recognition than has hitherto been offered to him out of London, Mr. Edward Terry has taken up his quarters at what may lately have been regarded as the scene of a forlorn hope, and has made a distinct success with "The Churchwarden." "The Churchwarden" is not a high comedy, and Mr. Terry is not a high comedian; but the piece is amusing, the actor sympathetic, and the one is fitted to the other. Moreover, Mr. Terry, unlike certain other illustrious actors, is not content with the assistance of "ma femme et quelques poupées." Indeed, neither "ma femme" nor the "poupées" are on the scene at all; but there is a good all-round company, at the head of which may fairly be said to be that experienced player, Mr. J. G. Taylor, and that excellent and not sufficiently highly rated "character actor," Mr. Alfred Bishop.

WE are informed that Miss Grace Latham, Mr. W. Peel, and their supporters in the "Little Comedies' Company," have returned to town for the season, and are playing as usual in a semi-private way, chiefly at large houses. It is the fashion now-a-days to call a company after the piece or pieces in which it appears; and to some therefore, who know the "Little Comedies" of Mr. Julian Sturgis for the amateur stage, it may seem that Miss Latham and her friends appear in these aimable productions. That is not the case, however. The "Little Comedies' Company" represents in chief some of the brightest adaptations from the French—very witty and delicate *proverbes* and the like.

NEXT week is appointed for the production of Mr. H. R. Jones's new serious comedy, which succeeds "Jim the Penman" at the Haymarket Theatre.

#### MUSIC.

##### MUSICAL BOOKS.

From Mozart to Mario. By Dr. L. Engel. In 2 vols. (Bentley.) From the famous composer of "Don Giovanni" to the star singer—but not by the quickest route. No: our author takes his time, and wanders down any side path that for the moment attracts him. It is not a history that he is writing. He is only giving his "remembrances of half a century." Sometimes he is serious—or, even as he himself thinks on one occasion, too serious; but for the most part he is a pleasant companion—now telling a lively tale, now a bit of scandal, now making a good or a bad pun. Like Lord Byron, he is apt to digress, and is constantly obliged to say: "Now, to our theme." It is necessary, indeed, from time to time, to look at the heading of the chapter or article to recall the subject.

Dr. Engel is somewhat prone to exaggeration. The story of Auber composing and writing out a new overture for his opera "La Sirène" in less than three hours must be taken *cum grano salis*. Very few of Mozart's compositions were published during his lifetime, yet Dr. Engel says: "Although he died at thirty-five years, he published no less than six hundred and twenty-four grand works, and left two hundred and ninety-four unpublished." And about this same musician it is, as the French say, *un peu trop fort* to assert that he "never condescended to a crude or vulgar bar."

If the articles on Rossini and on Adelina Patti show our author at his best, the article on Wagner shows him at his worst. We do not for one moment complain because he objects to Wagner's art-theory, and to most of his music. Heaven forbid that all men should hold the same opinions on this or on any other question! What is objectionable is the mode in which he distorts facts. He is perfectly free to think what he likes about the "Nieblung's Ring"; but he should not say that Wagner's duos are "never pieces of music where two voices are singing together," or that the work lasts during four evenings "without a duo or trio, i.e., without any concerted music." These, and others which we cannot stop to quote, are indeed strange misstatements for a man to make who informs us that he has studied the orchestral score, heard the work three times, and read fifty-two volumes referring to the subject. In reference to orchestral scores, Dr. Engel tells us in his Schumann chapter how an orchestral composition should be written down, viz., "Write the part of each instrument at once, and in ordinary sequence the instruments under each other, until the whole score is ready." He may have read the score of the "Ring" in somewhat similar fashion, and hence failed to discover any concerted music.

Dr. Engel has, in some instances, to rely upon the testimony of others, but of most of the musical celebrities mentioned in his volumes he is able to speak from personal acquaintance. He used to meet Auber on the Boulevards, he was intimate with Berlioz, and for pointing out some mistakes in the score of "Romeo and Juliet" received from the composer a fully corrected copy with the words "Souvenir admiratif" inscribed on the title page. He dined *en famille* at Rossini's house, and he visited Verdi at Sant' Agata. And so we might go on to show that he walked and talked with many others of the great musical men of the century. Whatever may be his faults, therefore, he is seldom dull, for he has passed his life in good company. We have spoken about his unfairness to Wagner, and we observe the same spirit in his treatment of Liszt both as composer and pianist. He speaks of his pianoforte concertos as unpleasing and unmusical. We agree with him so far as No. 2 is concerned, but surely those epithets are scarcely appropriate to No. 1 in E flat. He compares Thalberg and Liszt as pianists; but while admitting the genius of the latter, he tries more than once in his book to make us look at him as little more than a charlatan. Liszt had his faults as a player, but at his best we fancy he must have been worth a dozen Thalbergs.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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